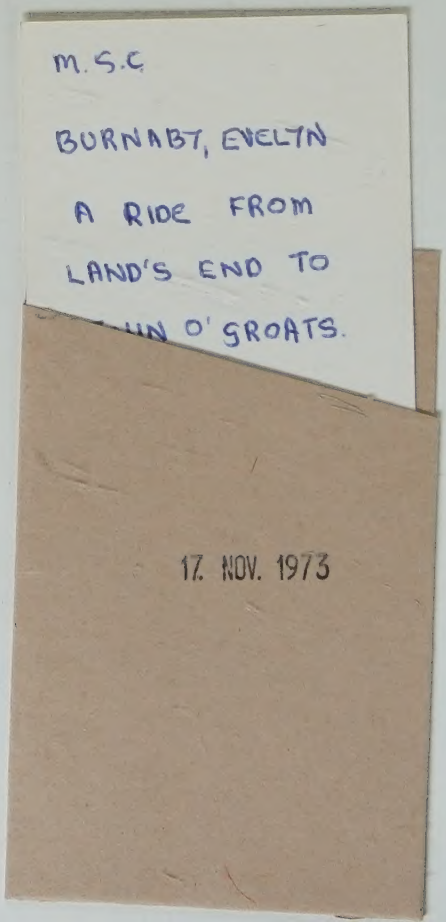
KW-658-076


M.S.C
BURNABY, EVELYN
A RIDE FROM
LAND'S END TO
JOHN O' GROATS.
17. NOV. 1973

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

# A RIDE FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS.

# A RIDE FROM LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS

BY

EVELYN BURNABY, M.A., S.C.L.

STOKE NEWINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES
R155116
TRANSFERRED
Metropolitan Special Collections
LEWISHAM.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit"

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY
*Limited*
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1893

MSC

942
BUR

942T

MSC
V500.33
Cal

## Dedication.

---

FILIÆ UNICÆ ET DILECTISSIMÆ HOC OPUSCULUM

D. D. D.

EVELYN-HENRICUS VILLEBOIS BURNABY.

1893.

# CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION . . . . . ix

CHAPTER I.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO DEVON EN ROUTE FOR THE LAND'S END, AND THENCE TO JOHN-O'-GROAT'S . . . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

EXETER TO PENZANCE EN ROUTE FOR LAND'S END AND JOHN-O'-GROAT'S . . . . . 13

CHAPTER III.

FROM LAND'S END THROUGH CORNWALL TO BUDE . . . . . 24

CHAPTER IV.

FROM BUDE TO CLOVELLY, AND THROUGH THE HOME OF THE RED DEER TO MINEHEAD . 35

CHAPTER V.

FROM MINEHEAD OVER THE QUANTOCKS AND MENDIPS TO CLIFTON, AND THROUGH THE SEVERN AND WYE DISTRICTS TO HEREFORD 49

CHAPTER VI.

FROM HEREFORD THROUGH LUDLOW AND SHREWSBURY, SKIRTING NORTH WALES, TO CHESTER AND THE COTTON DISTRICT . . . . . 60

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

FROM MANCHESTER TO PRESTON AND LANCASTER, AND THROUGH THE LAKE DISTRICT TO THE BORDER CITY . . . . . 68

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM CARLISLE ACROSS THE BORDER, THROUGH GRETNA GREEN, ECCLEFECHAN, AND TO THE VALLEY OF THE ANNAN AND MOFFAT . . 81

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MOFFAT ACROSS THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HILLS PAST THE SOURCE OF THE TWEED, TO BIGGAR, BATHGATE, AND THROUGH LINLITHGOW, FALKIRK, AND BANNOCKBURN TO STIRLING . . . . . 90

CHAPTER X.

FROM STIRLING, THROUGH THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN, DUNBLANE, TO DUNKELD AND BLAIR ATHOLE, THENCE THROUGH KINGUSSIE TO INVERNESS . . . . . 102

CHAPTER XI.

INVERNESS, AND A SERIES OF ADVENTURES AND VICISSITUDES THEREIN, WITH SLOW PROGRESS THROUGH BEAULY TO DINGWALL TAIN, AND THENCE TO THE MICKLE FERRY . . . 115

CHAPTER XII.

FROM MICKLE FERRY TO DUNROBIN, BERRIE DALE, OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO WATTEN AND JOHN-O'-GROAT'S . . . . . 127

ROUTE OF RIDE AND MILEAGE, WITH NAMES OF HOTELS . . . . . 134

INDEX . . . . . 139

# INTRODUCTION.

My brother's ride to Khiva suggested the idea of a ride from Land's End to John-o'-Groat's.

It has often been suggested to me, Why not write a book and publish some anecdotes of your remi niscences? My brother's ride to Khiva, and his experiences in the Khan's dominions, I suppose, had led people to believe that I too was gifted with innate literary talent. I am afraid I cannot hope to emulate his effort. The subject of his adventures on horseback from Russia in mid-winter across the frigid Steppes was a fascinating one. The objections offered by the Russian Government, the strange tactics of General Milutin, minister of war, who was always inconveniently "out" when my brother called to obtain the necessary permission for his journey, helped to intensify the interest of the public in the book. Novelty always has its charms, no matter whether it is a fresh religion, or a new dress. The "Ride to Khiva," from a political point of view, as regards the position of our Eastern Empire, possessed intrinsic value. I remember my brother telling me

that on a railway journey from Petersburg to Orenburg, the conversation of three Russians in their native tongue was most instructive. Being well acquainted with the language, he was able to learn much of the feeling of Russia towards England, and he found out that Mr. Gladstone at the head of affairs was regarded by the Russians as a powerful factor to assist their hopes of aggression in regard to our Indian Empire. A remark, however, made by my brother to them in their own language when he had learnt all he wished to know, brought the political conversation to an abrupt termination. Fred's fame as an athlete and his prodigious weight, to say nothing of his dumb-bells, and his favourite hobby of breaking the pokers of our domestic hearth, had secured for him a signal reputation. His pugilistic encounters with Heenan had gained for him the sobriquet of that champion with the gloves. His perils again by land, and his journeys in the air, with his exploits in Spain as a volunteer, in the Army of Don Carlos, had also made his name famous.

However I bethought myself, that though I could not expect to rival his literary productions, still, perhaps, a ride through England and Scotland might be interesting, and that a sketch of one's experiences on horseback from Land's End to John-o'-Groat's would help to fill up a few leisure moments for those who have visited the many lovely spots in which our island abounds. It is true the tour has often been

made before, and the bicycle has made it a matter of every-day occurrence; still there is always something original to be learnt, and a general election being imminent, it struck me I might be able to pick up a few wrinkles from the conversation in the various hotels *en route*, and also from the rustics by the wayside. Why is it that Englishmen are so reticent? The ordinary traveller, as a rule, does not care to unbosom himself, and a journey from Edinburgh to King's Cross will often provoke no further remark than some forced expression in reference to the weather, or it may be a request that the carriage window may be raised or let down.

I believe much of Fred's success was derived from the fact that he associated with all sorts and conditions of men. Before commencing an account of my adventures in the saddle, it has struck me that a few characteristic anecdotes connected with my brother's life, and which have never appeared in print, might interest my readers. Since his death a book has been written purporting to be a record of his romantic career; but inasmuch as the author could not have had the information at hand necessary to make the work perfect, the result was rather meagre and incomplete. "Lor', master Freddy, you have got a *contradictorious* spirit," was the oft repeated remark of the faithful old nurse who watched over our infancy days. This same spirit which induced him to contemplate his ride to Khiva, I fancy had

shown signs of existence in his early life; at the old rectory-house of St. Peter's, on the Green at Bedford, now rendered famous by the statue erected to the memory of Bunyan. There Fred gave evidences of pugilistic tendencies, when still of tender years, by proving himself the better boy in a stand-up fight with another lad who was a fellow-student at the famous grammar school and ancient seminary of learning, founded by the bounty of the late Sir William Harpur and Dame Alice, his wife. Little did this benefactor imagine when he bequeathed a few houses in Holborn which returned a small rental, to found a school on the banks of the Ouse, that the property would so increase in value as to produce an income little short of 20,000*l.* per annum, whereby Bedford Grammar School has become one of the foremost institutions in the country. Sunday after Sunday, Sir William Harpur and his spouse are remembered in the bidding-prayer. In reference to this curious custom, before an assize sermon preached at Saint Mary's at Oxford, the countenance of an eminent judge, who has lately retired from the bench, and who is famed for his knowledge of criminal jurisprudence, was an interesting study; especially when the sheriff's chaplain alluded to the bounty of some of Henry the VIIIth's wives, "Benefactresses of this ancient university.', Fred was barely ten years of age when he was sent to the academy of that excellent divine, the Rev. Chas. Arnold of Tinwell, near Stamford, whose

father's contribution to classical literature will never fade from the memory of students of that era.

The wall that Balbus was building, and never built, —the bloodthirsty encounters between that gentleman and Mr. Caius, which never proved fatal, as they seemed to go on for ever—what reflections their memories suggest to those whose early life was spent under a strict discipline, administered with the free use of the cane. Mr. Arnold was a firm believer in this instrument of torture. It was whilst at Tinwell, where my brother had as a companion the late Duke of Marlborough, then Lord Blandford, that he met with a serious accident. He was trying to poise himself on the cross-bar of a gymnastic apparatus, and finding he had lost his balance, he exclaimed, "Look out, fellows, I am coming," and jumping from the perilous position he occupied, fully twenty feet from the ground, the result was a broken leg which laid him on his back for several months.

From Tinwell to Harrow was the next move in the course of events. Here the reports of his monthly progress were eminently satisfactory, inasmuch as though the place in the shell or form was not very high, my brother's aptitude for foreign languages was always honourably mentioned. After leaving Harrow, and whilst a pupil of the late Rev. Stephen Doune of Oswestry, my brother made himself famous in more ways than one. His prodigious appetite, whilst on a walking tour through North Wales, will never be

forgotten in the principality. My brother, soon after leaving Oswestry, passed ninth in order of merit into the army, and it was after he had joined the Blues, and during his subsequent extraordinary career, that his name was brought prominently before the public.

His great weight, was not, I imagine, conducive to health, and he often used to complain to me that the vulture of Prometheus had fastened on his liver, and seldom ceased to devour its prey.

It was during his early career in the Blues that he made a wager that he would reduce himself four stone in weight in as many months. Frequent visits to the Turkish Baths in Jermyn Street and a very large drain on the firm of Cockle, accomplished the result.

As soon as the period of training for the wager was won he dined with my father at the old University Club in Suffolk Street, and on taking his weight after a sumptuous dinner, the scales revealed a spasmodic increase of seven pounds. Later on in his life, there was a speedy loss of nine stone—but here the cause was an attack of malignant typhoid contracted at Naples, and in one of his many letters to me, he alludes to his sylph-like waist, and taper form. He was a firm believer in the climate of Spain as a tonic to his constitution, and in looking over pages of his correspondence, I find numerous anecdotes which tend to prove how powerful was his sense of humour and appreciation of the ridiculous.

He was spending one winter at Seville, and on

returning to his hotel late one night from the theatre, he became aware that he was followed by three men, whom he describes as Spaniards of the worst type. The streets through which he had to pass were very dark and narrow, and as my brother smoking a huge cigar slowly sauntered along, he felt that his would-be assailants were rapidly gaining on him. The position was critical, and it became necessary to display promptitude. Fred therefore began to soliloquize audibly as he walked, in the native tongue, at the same time letting the rays of the moon flash along the barrel of a small revolver which he always carried. His soliloquy took the form of a rule of three sum ; though expressed in the Spanish language, the desperate trio became aware that they were not going to have it all their own way. "How many men could I kill," inquired my brother, "with six bullets which are at the present moment in my pocket ; if I accept as a fact that two bullets would effectually polish off one man—answer *three.* Right." The effect of the soliloquy was very remarkable. Muttering some rather violent imprecations, the Spaniards at once decamped, and Fred returned to his hotel master of the situation.

On another visit to Spain, when staying at Seville, he got the best of an avaricious station porter, who having carried his luggage, shrugged his shoulders when he was offered as a gratuity twice the amount to which he was entitled. "Ah, quite so," said Fred ;

"I find I have made a trifling mistake; give me back the coin," and he promptly paid him the exact amount, and handed the surplus to a beggar who was standing close by.

A large crowd was immediately attracted to the entrance of the hotel, and Fred proceeded to deliver a political address to his audience, who at that time were inflamed by a spirit of revolution. "Anarchy is caused," he remarked, "by a desire of equal rights and privileges. Now you, a porter, have no right to complain. The beggar has an equal right to a gratuity, especially when you demanded more than your lawful dues." There was a sally of laughter when the oration had been delivered, and the mendicant tribe were very importunate for some days to come.

Many are the anecdotes which might be recorded during the many years he served in the Blues, from 1859 till his death on 17th January, 1885.

One of his many exploits may be interesting to the public.

The regiment was quartered at Windsor, and he laid a wager that he would run, row, ride, hop and walk five successive quarters of a mile within one quarter of an hour. A boat and a horse were in readiness on the Banks of the Thames, and the feat was accomplished in a little over twelve minutes.

It was from Windsor that Fred started one summer afternoon on one of his first balloon excursions, in company with the late Captain Westcar. The car

was at the mercy of the wind, and sailing over the playing fields of Eton, after many divers courses in their transit over the adjoining counties, fate brought the balloon over the little town of Bedford.

It was a lovely June evening, when we sighted the balloon, as it peaceably sailed over our garden, and my father, the moment he sighted it, expressed his belief that Fred might be one of the passengers—and sure enough he was, for shortly after midnight, the slumbers of our peaceful household were rudely disturbed by my brother's voice, who awoke us with, "Hulloa, Governor, here we are; we came down in the balloon eight miles from Bedford."

An *al fresco* supper was prepared, and the fatted calf was killed in his honour. I happened to be in London, a few years before his death, when he started for his perilous voyage across the channel. A bottle of apollinaris and a tin of biscuits were the rations provided, when he left Folkestone for his journey in the air.

I had been much perplexed as to the reason for his repeated inquiries in regard to the gas supply at that popular sea-side resort; and at last I was induced to believe that he was interested in the lighting of the town, from being a large investor in gas shares; but, no, I was on the wrong track, and the announcement in the morning papers, that he was about to start on a trip across the channel apprised me as to the cause of his interest in the Folkestone gas works.

It was announced that in the event of his safe return to London, he would deliver a lecture at the Aquarium the same evening to the Balloon Society; but no news of his safe arrival in France being received during the day, I was invited to attend the meeting, and so enthusiastic was the reception I met with, that I was at once enrolled a member of that august society. I had no intention, however, of being more than an honorary member, as flights in the air, I felt convinced, would have no charms for me. After the meeting was over and towards midnight much anxiety was expressed, as no tidings had been received of my brother or the balloon. I spent some of the early hours of the morning at the offices of many of the leading newspapers in the Strand, thinking that the first tidings of his safe arrival would be received there; but after a long and weary waiting I went home to bed, and the next morning, in driving down St. James's Street, I caught sight of the immense form of my lost brother, enveloped in an overcoat of about twenty-eight pounds in weight, as he was on his way to breakfast at his club. He seemed much amused at the excitement which his non-appearance had caused, and he confessed to me that at one time during his journey there seemed to be a prospect of dissolution for himself and the balloon. By good luck, however, a change of wind brought the car to anchor on the coast of France, and after accepting the hospitality at a neighbouring farm-house he

returned to England, thinking very little of the perils of his journey.

My brother has himself recorded the history of his adventures. A fire balloon started from Cremorne Gardens many years ago. M. Goudat, the French aeronaut, on this occasion, refused to take him as a passenger, owing to his bulky form, but Fred was not to be beaten, and as the balloon commenced to rise gracefully from the ground, amid the plaudits of thousands, interspersed with strains of martial music, my brother, with much dexterity, seizing the ropes, vaulted into the car.

The effect was magical, and the descent of the balloon to the ground was the work of a moment. The aeronaut's language was far from polite. In broken French he ejaculated, "Weel, sare! you spoil de effect. De band play, de people shout, we rise, we mount! Magnifique! and then you –why, you put your ugly carcase into my balloon, and we go down, plomp; dare, dat is vot you do." However, my brother gained his ends, and as the balloon made its second ascent, he was found to be amongst the enterprising party.

It was during one of his visits on leave to Bedford that in discharging a pistol it burst, and his hand was seriously lacerated in the part adjoining the thumb. Naturally the consequences could have been serious, and lockjaw might have supervened; but without saying a word Fred walked quietly down the street, found

our medical adviser at home, sat patiently whilst stitches were inserted into the inflamed wound, and returned little disconcerted by the result of the accident. When over eighteen stone in weight my brother determined to make himself proficient in the art of riding a bicycle. Most of his practice was carried on in a secluded path in the Crystal Palace grounds, as he was anxious to conceal from all his friends the scene of his labours. However, by hook or by crook, I found it out, and on arriving at the Palace I inquired of a visitor whether he had seen a gentleman on a bicycle. "Well, sir," he replied, "I can't exactly say that, but there is a big gentleman a falling and a tumbling about in the direction of yonder path," and sure enough there he was, gyrating with an enormous machine, and rather put out by my unexpected appearance. However, he went on with the practice until he became proficient, and the remarkable agility with which he vaulted on to his machine was astounding, when one remembered the extraordinary weight he drew in the scales.

He was throughout his life a martyr to indigestion, and I believe constant field days at Wormwood Scrubs, which did not find favour with dancing subalterns, were the result of his firm conviction that early hours and active exercise were the best stimulants for a sluggish liver. He had no taste for race meetings, and during the latter part of his life the only race-course he was in the habit of attending

was at Ascot on the cup day. His horses received extraordinary names: Obadiah, Ahasuerus, and Beelzebub, were his principal chargers, and on his offering to mount a timid friend on the latter, I was appealed to as to whether the name was not suggestive of tricks and vice.

Amongst my brother's characteristics, one stood out prominently, He was ever in the habit of making light of his many feats. He considered that the world was too highly prized by most men, and that life was intended to be seen and studied from every point of view. His firm friendship with the late Baker Pasha was evidenced in the fact that in the event of his widow's death he had appointed him the guardian of his little son. He was in company with that gallant cavalry officer when he was wounded in the East. The bullet which was extracted from Col. Baker's cheek came into my brother's possession, and at his request I had it mounted on a letter-weight and forwarded to one of our most gallant cavalry officers as a token of my brother's regard. Utter recklessness of danger seemed to predominate over Fred's short-lived career, and the exemplary patience which he displayed during his long illness of typhoid in Southern Italy in 1873, was only equalled by his courage in the Soudan, when having started to the relief of his old friend Gordon, he coolly met his death at the hands of an Arab, whose spear-wound from behind caused mortal injury to the jugular vein.

His appreciation of services rendered to him by others was very marked, and the record on poor Radford's (his servant's) tomb, in the little cemetery on the hill above Dover, "'True as steel.' This stone is erected by the man he served so well," is a proof that he valued in others that sterling kind-heartedness which was a prominent trait in his character. The English public have shown that they recognized the good service he rendered to his country, and that they regret the premature loss of a life of no ordinary value. The monuments to his memory in the chapel of Harrow School, in the church of Holy Trinity, Windsor, the Memorial Window in St. Peter's Church, Bedford, and at Somerby in Leicestershire, besides the large obelisk placed in St. Saviour's Churchyard at Birmingham, as the result of humble contributions of those to whom he had endeared himself when he was a candidate to represent that town in 1880, are an evidence that true British pluck will ever be appreciated by British people.

## COPY OF A LETTER RECEIVED FROM MY LATE BROTHER.

Fonda de Londres, Seville.

February 18, 1868.

My dear Evelyn,—Thanks for your letter just received. I have not much news to tell you as the conversation in Seville has ever but one end, and that is the question of government, and the probabilities of civil war. I am going to act the lover to a bright-eyed Spanish girl this evening in some private theatricals; you would laugh if you could see my get-up—an enormous cloak and broad brim crowned hat. One of the necessary things in the rôle is to sing an amorous ditty below the window, but as I have no more voice than an old crow, it has been settled that I am to go through the pantomime with a guitar, and another Lothario is to pipe a strain to the fair lady, being carefully concealed in the background of the stage.

What a pity it is I was not born a "Mario;" it is humiliating, to say the least, making love under false pretences, even though one does have the post of honour in the play.

*Vanity Fair* has a capital caricature of Bright this week; I begin to think my share looks promising in that speculation. We have had an anomaly actually, two

days' rain, and I am writing with a thermometer as low as seventy degrees. My cold is all right, but my old liver will not leave me in peace. I think Prometheus' vulture must be at work upon it. Tell the Governor sherry is as dear as it is in England, the price averaging from 4*s.* to 5*s.* a bottle. The reason is that all the supply goes to England, where it is in great request, and here, in consequence of the heat, it is quite unsuited as a dinner wine. The consumption here is principally of a red wine, between a Burgundy and a claret, and a light Manzanilla which can be bought at about eighteenpence a bottle. That is the real wine of the country, and great quantities of it go to Xeres, where it is bought by the merchants, who load it with alcohol, and it is then sent to England, where it is sold as sherry.

I was much amused yesterday by seeing an American tooth-drawer go through the same performance we saw at Nice, but with this exception, that he failed at the first pull, and the sufferer was so incensed by the pain that he drew his knife, and would have struck the charlatan dentist, if it had not been for the bystanders.

Love to all, and wishing that Madame Rachel could renovate your gullet and my liver as easily as she makes antiquities beautiful for ever,

I remain

Your most affectionate brother,

FRED.

# A RIDE FROM LAND'S END.

## CHAPTER I.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO DEVON EN ROUTE FOR THE LAND'S END, AND THENCE TO JOHN-O'-GROAT'S.

A WELL-KNOWN postmaster at Ventnor once remarked to an Oxford undergraduate, who had ridden one of his horses "not wisely but too well," that when he let out a horse to be hacked he expected him to be hacked; but now he said with an absolute regard of the aspirate, "hacking is hunting, and hunting is hacking—where are we?" This was during the season when the Jubilee Plunger was a visitor to the Undercliffe, and when from the force of example, there was a great run on every stable for teams, tandems, and vehicles of all kinds. The Plunger had a keen sense of humour, and shortly before he arrived at years of discretion, and was vested with plenary power over £250,000, he consulted me on a matter

which seemed to him to be one of vital importance. "You see, old chap," he remarked, "when I make my *début* I ought to have a crest and a coat-of-arms." He requested me to write to Garter King-at-Arms to inquire whether he was justly entitled to use the ensign of an eagle erect with flapping wings, which he believed to be the heraldic badge of his family. The answer was eminently satisfactory, and the minor went up to town delighted at the speedy prospect of escaping from the tutelage of arbitrary governors. He soon returned to the Isle of Wight, bringing with him a splendid team and a bran new coach, and I had the curiosity to go round and inspect the well-appointed drag, which was located at a livery stable. There was the eagle as large as life, with flapping wings, on the panels, and when I remarked to the Plunger I had seen the coach, he comically rejoined, "The bird is very fine."

The sentiments of the Ventnor postmaster as to the difference between hacking and hunting were recalled to my mind as I started with an old friend on what was destined to be a long hacking excursion, and I could not help wondering whether our nags, whose sponsors had bestowed upon them the names of "Bonchurch" and "Punch," and which we had hired from Mr. Brown (an excellent livery stable keeper at Ventnor), would ever accomplish a journey from Southampton to Land's End, carry us thence through the picturesque Western and Lake Districts of Eng-

land, and "forrard on" to John-o'-Groat's. I remembered with a sigh that I drew over 16 stone in the scales. Corpulency is one of the ills to which flesh is heir. The gentleman who wrote "Eighteen months' Imprisonment with Hard Labour," found himself, he declares, seven stone lighter within the space of a year, and there can be no doubt that excessive food, stimulants, and aerated waters all combine to increase weight. The Tichborne Claimant, I believe, during the years of his incarceration at the country's expense on Dartmoor, lost pounds of flesh, but when he was released from prison he was in a far healthier condition than when he was convicted at Westminster. All liquor was taken off, and yet I remember his counsel, Dr. Kenealy, making a piteous appeal to the trio of judges in reference to the effect that short commons would have on his client. The claimant, however, managed to survive all his judges, his three great supporters, some of the counsel, and many of the witnesses. Obesity, I believe, is with many people a constitutional defect, and no regulation of diet, or regular exercise, will reduce weight. I met years ago at Marienbad the late Mr. Isaac Bell, brother-in-law of Mr. Gordon Bennett. He was undergoing a course of the waters in order to fit himself for the hunting season at Pau, but despite quarts of the waters, baths, and a fourteen-mile run every day enveloped in many yards of flannel, he found he put on weight instead of taking it off. My late

brother's prodigious size is a well-known fact, but he has often assured me that he never felt better than when he remained at his normal weight of $17\frac{1}{2}$ stone. He and I seldom quarrelled except when we shared a hansom together. His form was not sylph-like, and I don't think Lord Shrewsbury's patent and luxurious hansoms were intended to carry such a monstrous pair of Siamese twins. However, men of even greater weight had distinguished themselves in the saddle, and when I thought of the late Sir Watkin Wynn, Mr. Bissett (formerly Master of the Devon and Somerset), and Mr. Chandos-Pole (a model Master of the Cattistock), I took heart again. But how about the nags? It is mercifully arranged by a wise dispensation of Providence, that the events of the future should be concealed, otherwise the world and the order of things would certainly be upset. Had "Bonchurch" and "Punch" been aware of the mileage that was in store for them, and the change of stable night after night, doubtless they would not have arched their necks, nor curvetted so playfully, as we rode out of the old "Dolphin" hostelry in the High-street of Southampton on a real summer's day. No, I fancy they would have "cast a long and lingering look behind" at the shores of the Isle of Wight, had they but realized the vicissitudes they would have to go through ere they returned to their well-known Ventnor stables mentioned above. It has always struck me that a country and its scenery can best be

appreciated on horseback. A tandem is not a bad kind of conveyance; but I remember a remark of my grandfather, the late Mr. Henry Villebois, of Marham (one of the best coachmen of the century), "That on leaving the stable yard you were more or less at the mercy of your leader as to the direction to be taken," so I preferred the saddle as a means of locomotion.

Southampton, generally lethargic, appeared to be somewhat aroused. We were on the eve of a general election, and the various committee rooms were placarded with notices of work done by the Conservative and Unionist Government, to say nothing of the extraordinary caricatures which literally emblazoned the windows where the wire-pullers of the Gladstonian party were arranging their plan of campaign. I saw these extraordinary productions being eagerly scanned by artisans and mechanics and members of the dockyard fraternity, and I am well convinced that men of that order are more impressed through the eye than by any speeches or addresses they may hear. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour were portrayed in every diabolical garb, perpetrating imaginary atrocities in the Sister Isle; but of truthful illustrations there was an utter absence, and "Skin the Goat" and other kindred spirits were not restored to life, nor were their deeds recalled to the minds of a very forgetful generation. Our route on leaving Southampton was through Totton, and after passing

Cadnam we had a gallop through one of the finest bits of forest scenery in the country to Rufus's Stone. As to events in past history, successive generations get more and more sceptical, and I could not help wondering whether the shot from an arrow was the work of a fable, and whether such a man as Purkis ever conveyed in his cart the body of the dead king to the shrine at Winchester. The controversies which have arisen in reference to the room where the famous Waterloo Ball took place at Brussels, and which were excited by the shrewd observation of Sir William Fraser, prove that men will not believe in traditions of which they have not undoubted proof, and will reject circumstantial evidence unless it be conclusive. From the memorial stone we rode on to the picturesque little village of Brook, and thence over a broad expanse of broad moorland. Here the view was very extensive. The tapering spire of Salisbury Cathedral under the lee of the hill was discerned in the far distance, whilst the blue hills beyond Wimborne stood out on the horizon, and we could distinguish to the southward the abrupt, bold headland of St. Alban.

I had some interesting little snatches of political conversation with rustics by the roadside and those working in their homesteads. The different views which the electors were taking of the parliamentary crisis were somewhat amusing. One female agriculturist who stood at her cottage door, told me that personally she liked the Unionist candidate for the

New Forest division very much, but her husband intended to support the Radical cause. "Why don't you win him over?" I remarked. "Where's the woman, sir," the good lady warmly ejaculated, "who can get over her old man?" and then she added, "and I am a Cornish woman, and you know we are all Liberals over yonder." A well-to-do yeoman, bred up to Nonconformist principles, made no secret that the appeal from his brethren in Ulster would have no effect on him. "Well," he exclaimed, "I don't want argument. There's a mess over in Ireland, and the only man who can get us out of it is Gladstone." Another elector, a farmyard labourer, confessed that he had not mastered the subject; "but," he added, "the Radical candidate he calls himself the poor man's friend, and them is the sort we want." In vain I tried to prove to him that in his district as well as in countless others the Radical candidates were imported gentlemen, very ready to promise, but powerless to perform. What would our Radical county councillors in the Isle of Wight say if men from a distance, with no local interest, were elected to legislate upon measures affecting the Island? Argument, however, was powerless against the prevailing logic of the agricultural labourers, and I fear we had not made many converts when we rode into the "Greyhound," at Fordingbridge, an old village inn which takes a deal of beating.

Thence we started next day for Cranborne, over

six miles of excellent turf on the famous chase, and we sighted in the distance a range of tents which led us to believe that the militia were camping out for their annual training. The village of "Sixpenny Handley" presented a somewhat singular appearance, with charred remains of what had a short time ago been rural habitations. A single spark from a red-hot wheel tyre had resulted in the destruction of half the village! The inhabitants for the time were living in tents, the members of either sex being accommodated to the eastward and westward of their ruined homesteads. Half the habitations, over fifty cottages, mostly with thatched roofs, had been *reduced* to cinders and ashes by the fire. Our route from Handley to Fontmel, over a large range of hills, gave us a grand view of the Blackmore Vale, associated with splendid cross-country runs from the "Green Man" at Pulham. At Fontmel we heard that Mr. Wingfield Digby was to address the electors at Iwerne, the stronghold of Lord Wolverton's family, so we rode on there and attended the meeting. The stormy element prevailed. There were frequent cries of "The Radical candidate for ever!" Promises of free land and old age pensions had worked their effect, though the agriculturists never stopped to think that they were supporting a gentleman who had no stake in the county and whose name but a few weeks before was unknown to them. From Iwerne to Stalbridge by cross-country roads is not a very pleasant experience

on a moonless night, and had it not been for a box of matches, which had to be resorted to at successive signposts, we should never have reached our destination. The Dorset folk retire to bed early, and though there were lights in many windows, and the shadows of many a form were reflected on the window-blinds, no face at the window appeared, and no friendly voice was heard to direct us on the very intricate route to the little village of Stalbridge. The church clock was striking 1 a.m. when the old cross, the origin of which is lost in antiquity, faced us like a spectre in the dim light, and we rode into the "Red Lion" stable-yard. Here we found excellent food for ourselves and our nags, which helped to revive our somewhat depressed spirits.

From Stalbridge to Sherborne, a short ride of seven miles, was a slight compensation the next evening for the labours of the preceding day. We put up at the "Digby," one of the most comfortable hotels in this district of England, and were reluctant to leave this charmed spot, the "Melton Mowbray" of the West, and very sorry not to be able to accept the hospitality of the courteous owner of Sherborne Castle. Our next stage was from Sherborne to Honiton. Past Yeovil we rode on through narrow lanes until the initials "N.C., 1876" on a dead tree by the roadside, beneath a dark overhanging canopy of foliage, recalled to my recollection a celebrated trial at the Taunton Spring Assizes of 1877. Four men were

arraigned on a charge of murder, their victim being a policeman named Nathaniel Cox, whose death from violence occurred on this desolate byeway. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn, went the Western Circuit on the occasion especially to preside at this case, and the singular power of his master mind was never more illustrated. He seemed to unravel the mystery at a glance, and to present a mass of evidence in analytical form to the minds of the uneducated jurors. It was the eve of the Yeovil fair, and a drear November night, when the dark tragedy was enacted in a lonely Somersetshire lane. This was the keynote of the summing-up and eloquent address.—The police-constable, meeting four men driving late along the road, suspected them of poaching, and at once stopped their cart. The men got down, a free fight ensued, the constable's staff was broken, and he was kicked to death by brutal violence. The learned judge, with that keen power of discernment which was his especial characteristic, saw at once, from the width of the road and the turf by the side, with the impressions of the wheels, that one man might have driven on the cart some distance when his companions got down, and that in consequence he might have taken no part in the affray. He also remarked, in strong language, that the highways and byeways were amongst the rights of the public, and that to stop a man's cart was to provoke an assault, and he advised that the charge

of murder could not be sustained. The jury accepted the law as laid down, and after finding all the prisoners guilty of manslaughter they each received a sentence of 24 years' penal servitude. The father of two of the prisoners, who was included in the verdict, had been the driver of the cart, and he afterwards received a free pardon, in accordance with the keen judgment of the Lord Chief Justice. A curious incident occurred during the trial in the County Hall at Taunton. In the toe of one of the prisoner's boots, tightly wedged, was a single hair. A very florid, jocose-looking gentleman, a public analyst, I believe, went into the box, and was about to tender his evidence as to the hair having belonged to the human family. "Sir," asked the judge, sternly, "have you examined the hair of every animal in this country; for, if not, it will be unsafe to swear away a man's life on the testimony of one hair."

From the lane we pushed on to Crewkerne, and thence over a range of hills, past the "Wind Whistle" hostelry, where to the eastward and westward we were rewarded by a grand panoramic view. On the one side the wild moorland of Exmoor and the Quantocks renowned for famous runs with the red deer, loomed in the horizon; whilst on the other the cliffs of the English Channel between Seaton and Bere let in a view of the sea. Riding past the "Tytherleigh Inn," we were arrested by the host, who insisted on our inspecting his symbolical signboard, and his original

inscription. We rode on through Axminster, and were not sorry to arrive at the "Dolphin" at Honiton, the quaint little Devonshire town nestling beneath the hills which environ it. They ministered to our comforts at the hotel, and next morning we started for a comparatively short ride to Exeter, which was crowded with all classes, as it was the polling day in that usually sleepy old city.

## CHAPTER II.

### EXETER TO PENZANCE EN ROUTE FOR LAND'S END AND JOHN-O'GROAT'S.

A CATHEDRAL city, with its Dean and Chapter, requires a deal of awakening, and Exeter must have received a shock from a galvanic battery, judging from the excitement which was evident on all sides as we rode in from Honiton. Work of all kinds appeared to be at a standstill; banners and bunting were displayed from every window along our route, and the costermonger and the tiniest butcher-boy on the weediest cob, each had his predilections in favour of one candidate or the other. The electors of the ancient city had been worked up to an unparalleled enthusiasm. I was pleased to see that the Unionist colours predominated, and on arriving at the New London Hotel, Mr. Pople, our genial host, assured us that we were in the very thick of the fight. It is true there was no clang of trumpets, or beating of drums, or bristling cohorts; still I should require to be versed in Sir William Harcourt's polemical phraseology to do justice to the scene in

the courtyard of the hotel. It was the head-quarters of the Conservative party, and Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote had taken up their residence there. As the shades of evening began to fall the city of Exeter seemed to lose its equilibrium, and all vestige of episcopal dignity was gone for the moment. My mind was carried back to my university career, a quarter of a century ago, when the present member for Derby was a candidate for the City of Oxford. I had rooms out of college, and my landlord, an excellent member of the Jewish persuasion, had closed his shop at an earlier hour than usual on the night of the election to preserve his windows and his stock-in-trade from the invasion of an excited mob. The crowd were just passing the shop when I had the temerity to shout out of my window the name of the unpopular candidate. The result was electrical: at once there was a stampede in front of my quarters in the "Corn;" poor old Soloman was at his wits' end; his rings and pins and other baubles attractive to the eyes of freshmen, were in imminent jeopardy. "Now, Mr Barnabas," he cried, "you've been and gone and done it! The crowd, they were moving on past my shop, as gentle as lambs, and then you put your big body out of the window, and where will it all end? And my stock is very valuable!" In vain I tried to appease his wrath; it was no good; he had dispatched a messenger to Trinity College, and within a short space of time a gentleman

in gown and velvet sleeves, with his retinue of "bull-dogs," arrived on the scene, and my act of grave indiscretion resulted in a visit next morning to the Proctor's rooms, whereby the revenues. of the University were augmented to the extent of one sovereign. How changed are the elections of the present time from what they were in the years before the ballot! It was in the "forties," I think, that the Conservative party at Bedford calculated they would have a majority of eight votes at the poll. At half-past three o'clock on the day of election, when the Whigs were slightly ahead, a certain Jew named Levi sent a message to say that he was waiting on the bridge which spans the river Ouse, and had a handsome watch to sell. The principals in the Committee-room, finding that no promises had been broken up to that hour, told Levi to wait, and the Conservatives secured a majority of seven votes, the extra one having been won over during the previous night by the opposite party. The Jew never voted at all, but kept his watch.

The scene at Exeter, however, could not have been more exciting; the large space in front of the hotel was literally packed; the mob, it yelled and hooted, while one gentleman, having taken up a point of vantage on the top of a hackney carriage must have possessed a double supply of lung power from the way he shouted. From every window fair faces glimmered in the twilight, and Mr. Whitmore had no

more supporters among the ladies of Chelsea than had Sir Stafford Northcote in the old cathedral city of the West. For a moment there was a lull, as a man appeared running, fleet as a red deer, threading his way through the crowd, with a piece of white paper in his hand. The stillness only lasted for a moment, the suspense was over, and from thousands of voices "Northcote for ever!" welled through the serried ranks of the mob. The battle was past, and a substantial majority of 555 announced that Gordon's death had been avenged at Exeter, and that the loyal city had stuck to her colours.

But enough of politics, although, as we continued our ride through Cornwall to the Land's End, in every division, all minds seemed to be centred on one and the same object—the result of the Election of 1892. I heard an extraordinary story of a dream, and would that I had the pen of Miss Florence Maryatt wherewith to describe it. Lee, the Babbacombe murderer, now employed in the wash-house of Portsea Convict Prison, it will be remembered, escaped capital punishment. On the night before the sentence was to be carried out he dreamed that three attempts would be made to put the law into execution, and that his life would be preserved. The dream which he revealed to the Warder Bennett, in his convict cell, was reported to the governor of Exeter prison early in the morning; but, despite every precaution which was taken, Lee escaped the

gallows. The sequel of the story is still more remarkable. The governor was in the habit of carrying a little pocket almanac, with a scriptural text affixed to each date, and on the day in January, 1885, when the convict was to have been hanged, appeared this record: "Surely it is the hand of the Lord which has done this!" I am not of a superstitious turn of mind, still the coincidence is worthy of note, and I tell the story as it was told to me. Another remarkable instance of a dream which happened to the late Lord Vivian recurred to my mind on our ride through Cornwall on passing Glynnde, the family residence near Bodmin. The late Lord, known to his friends as "Hook and Eye," from the peculiar affinity between the nose and chin, was a patron of the turf. He dreamed that a horse called "The Teacher" would win the City and Suburban, and so impressed was he that he at once inquired if such a horse was running. There was no entry of any such starter for the race; but Lord Vivian ascertained that a horse which had formerly gone by the name of "The Teacher" was running, and though it was reported to have no chance, he backed it at very long odds, and thus won a big stake. There have been extraordinary stories related of successful dreams experienced by gamblers at Monte Carlo, but as spirits would never lend their aid to support such an institution as that inaugurated by M. Blanc, I fear that these visions must

have been of a very earthly character, and that the dreamers had carried their wakeful moments well into the sleeping hours of the night.

Before leaving Exeter we paid a visit to the lucky barber who secured some valuable "Turners," pronounced to be the work of that artist by no less a critic than Mr. Ruskin, for the price of a mere song. The lucky man still pursues his avocation, though, if he chose, he might fling aside the shaving brush and the razor strop, with gallons of bay rhum, for ever.

Over Haldon Hill to Ashburton was our next move, and though the Tors on Dartmoor are of a retiring character, and, like "Pilatus," were shrouded in mist, we could make out on the lower ground the woods of Mamhead, and Canonteign; whilst the tower of Powderham, the ancestral home of the Earls of Devon, stood out like a beacon amid dark sombre foliage. "Bonchurch" cast a shoe just before reaching Ashburton. The blacksmith to whom I repaired would not tell me for whom he intended to vote.

"It will be all right, sir," he added, as the sparks kept flying from the anvil, and somehow I don't fancy the Gladstonian candidate for that division would secure my friend's vote. Next day a charming ride through the Buckland Woods, with the River Dart winding in the ravine, brought us to the sequestered village of Widdecome-in-the-Moor, whence we made our way through Princetown into Plymouth. We passed the gloomy portals of the convict esta-

blishment, with the quaint motto, "*Parcere subjectis*," recalling the earlier days of the century when the French prisoners were detained there, and met gangs of convicts on their way to the farm and the quarries. Escape from so desolate a spot would be almost impossible, as the civil guard, which are in attendance on each gang, are fully armed, and in the event of a fog suddenly arising, the men are at once marched back from their work to the prison.

It was late when we arrived at Plymouth, and we were glad to find that two Conservatives had been returned, and that Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, was at the head of the poll. This famous barrister once accomplished a feat which was almost unique. Children are not generally influenced by the eloquence of their parents, but it is said that Sir Edward's oratory at the Old Bailey, where he was defending a woman for her life, was so great that his Eton boy could not restrain his emotion, but burst into tears.

There are few towns more attractive than Plymouth. Apart from its historical association in connection with the Armada, its position is singularly beautiful, and the view from the Hoe on a summer's evening, with the sun glistening over the woodland of Mount Edgcumbe, lighting up the harbour filled with vessels large and small, and craft of every kind, cannot well be equalled. The scenery of the Tamar as far as the rocks of Morwelham is very fine, and Endsleigh,

the romantic cottage home of the Duke of Bedford, on the banks of the river, on a bright June day when the rhododendrons are in full bloom, can hold its own with Woburn, Chatsworth, or Belvoir.

I happened to be at Plymouth a few years ago, when an extraordinary case of robbery occurred. The money taken at the various stations on the Cornish line during the week is transferred to Plymouth every Monday, and consigned to the care of an official who meets a particular train, and removes the bags containing the coin to the company's offices adjoining the station. On the morning following a certain Bank Holiday in August, it was discovered that the office had been entered during the night, and that the bags containing bank-notes, cheques, and coin, had been abstracted. The thief had left behind him no vestige of a clue, but he turned out afterwards to be the son of the official in whose charge the bags were deposited. The theft was found out in a very curious way. The culprit must have travelled from London, where he resided, to Plymouth by a late train, effected his purpose, and then returned to town early next morning. He drove in a cab to the Inns of Courts Hotel, engaged a bedroom, and having deposited the proceeds of the robbery in a drawer, he locked his door and left the hotel, and did not return until the next afternoon. It never struck him that the chambermaid might have a duplicate key, and on this occasion the apartment was entered by

an over-curious housemaid who, finding the drawer filled with loose coin, and bags with the names of various Cornish stations stamped upon them, reported the circumstance to the proprietor. An account of the robbery at Plymouth had appeared in the newspapers, and detectives from Scotland Yard were called in. During the course of the day the thief turned up with a new portmanteau filled with a complete outfit, and a ticket to the colonies, and on proceeding to his bedroom, he was joined in the lift by the officials from Scotland Yard, and was confounded when he discovered that his bedroom had been entered during his absence, and the proceeds of the robbery found in his drawer. Had the culprit only destroyed the bags there could have been no clue to the theft, the prisoner's rapid journey to and from Plymouth having enabled him to escape recognition.

I have noticed with all criminals that one act of extreme folly upsets all their shrewdness and calculation.

We only spent one night at Plymouth, and rode on next day, crossing the Tamar by the ferry, to Liskeard. Here we had a novel experience of a Temperance house. No liquor was to be obtained on the premises, but the food was excellent and the beds clean.

From Liskeard to Bodmin, which also appeared to be in the very throes of election excitement, was

our next stage, and thence we made tracks for St. Austell, the neighbourhood of which seems to be given over to tin and copper mines. Talking of mines, I am reminded of an old friend at Ventnor, who formerly had been a large speculator on the Stock Exchange. His attention had always been directed to the Mining Market, and as the ruling passion haunts a man even unto death, my friend, after he left "the House," was ready to do a little outside business if the opportunity offered. Now there was a maiden lady residing in the Undercliffe, possessed of a considerable fortune and with a desire to increase her income. She consulted my friend as to a change in her investments. An appointment was made, and they met at an early hour in the morning. I was unfortunate enough to disturb the *tête-a-tête*, and I could not help overhearing the gentle insinuation, "Now what do you say to a little mine." The unprotected female looked aghast, but firmly and calmly she expressed her intention of keeping her money in consols. My friend never forgave me for the interruption, and he always believed I had stopped his commission, and to this day he is known to his many friends as "the little mine."

From St. Austell's, a ride of fourteen miles brought us to the cathedral city of Truro, where the memory of Bishop Wilkinson is as much revered as it is in his old parish of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. "Clyma's

Hotel," where we stayed, cannot be beaten. From Truro we continued our ride through Chacewater to Redruth, climbing the Granite Hill to Carn Brea, supposed to have been a Druidical resort in ancient days. The view from the summit was splendid, and to the north and south we could trace the coast-line of the Bristol and English Channels. From Redruth to Penzance the country is barren and wild, relieved only by the coast scenery around St. Ives; and almost as soon as we came in sight of St. Michael's Mount, with its quaint little fortress home belonging to Lord St. Leven, a straight road of a couple of miles brought us to Penzance.

## CHAPTER III.

FROM LAND'S END THROUGH CORNWALL TO BUDE.

It was a still, hazy kind of day, with the Scilly Islands indistinct but just visible through the curtain of mist which overhung the Atlantic when we reached Land's End, the goal for the moment, and the real starting-point of our tour on horseback. An hour was required to bait the nags, and we had time to look around before mounting for our expedition to the northward. The "Longships" alone broke the view, as, standing on the extreme ledge of English soil, we looked out to sea. I could not help recalling Thomas Carlyle's graphic description of the North Cape—its weird scenery with rugged headland and granite cliffs, the seagull pirouetting on the water's surface near the coast. There was "The slow heaving ocean, and the sun overhead, hanging low and hazy, as if he, too, were slumbering." There was no sound in this desolate and remote spot; nor any sign of habitation beyond the miniature Inn which faces the broad expanse of sea, and yonder the sequestered village of Sennen, protected from the wild north winds by the

abrupt ridge of Cape Cornwall point, which is continued in long stretches of rock, wrought into very fantastic and grotesque shape, far away along the indented line of coast.

We had accomplished 270 miles since we started from the "Dolphin" at Southampton, and yet, despite vicissitudes and visits to various blacksmiths' forges, "Bonchurch" and "Punch" were as fresh as when they left their home circle in the Isle of Wight. When their heads were turned in the opposite direction to which they had been accustomed for the last fortnight, they seemed to understand that there was to be a change in the order of events. I imagine they concluded it would be one for the better, judging by the style in which "Punch" negotiated a pretty stiff stone wall; but, then, my friend only rides 11st., and weight must tell after all. "Bonchurch" showed no desire to follow the acrobatic performances of his stable companion, and in that respect he did not resemble the camel "Romeo," which once carried my late brother, Fred, in the East, and which completely convulsed his rider's liver in his frantic attempts to keep pace with "Juliet," one of the same fraternity, with a more active gait. I verily believe horses have a kind of intuitive sense, and are more intelligent than many of the human race are apt to believe.

Few men had greater knowledge of a horse than the late Mr. Baron Martin, who was in the habit of riding the circuit, and always made a point, when the

service at the cathedral was over on Commission Day, to canter over to any training stables which might be in the neighbourhood of the assize town. On one occasion the learned Baron, I believe, when at York was trying a case of breach of warranty, the animal in question being supposed to be suffering from an occult navicular disease. An old horse coper had been sworn, and was in the box. "Now," said the examining counsel, "tell my Lord, and the gentlemen of the jury, what is the disease from which they say this horse is suffering." With a knowing wink of the eye, and a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the Bench, the witness replied, "Just you ask t' old 'un up there, and he will tell you." On another occasion Baron Martin's love of horse-flesh was singularly illustrated. He had ridden over from Monmouth, through the Forest of Dean, to the boundaries of the City of Gloucester, in company with his friend and marshal, the late Mr. John Canning-Doherty. The Sheriff's carriage, with a splendid team of blacks, coachman and footmen, wigged and powdered, with their owner, had been waiting for some time, when the learned judge appeared on the scene. The High Sheriff showed visible signs of annoyance, and his conduct to the representative of the law was not quite as courteous as it might have been. For this an apology was demanded, but when he remarked to Mr. Baron Martin that he had been subjected to the jeering remarks of little urchins during the time he was awaiting his

lordship's arrival, and that he had been at great expense in securing four match horses to do honour to the judge, the slight friction was healed in a moment, "Never saw a better team in my life," ejaculated the Baron. "I am not surprised, Mr. High Sheriff, you resented the delay of our arrival."

From Land's End a short ride brought us to the "Logan Rock," part of the "Treen Castle" range, supposed formerly to have been a well fortified Druid Castle. An impulsive lieutenant in the navy, it is said, once had the temerity to move this huge boulder, which seems to swing on a pivot, and he slightly dislocated it from its normal position. As is well known, the Cornish are a most superstitious race, and owing to the outcry which this act of indiscretion caused among the population of the district, the culprit was called upon to have the "Logan" replaced on its original site. At Sennen the inhabitants are most primitive, and there are those amongst them who believe in witchcraft, sorcery, snake-charming and other fables of bygone generations; but, like the Norwegians, they are frank, hospitable, and yet as firmly attached to their traditional rights as when centuries ago they took up the sword in opposition to the conquest of Athelstane. I heard a story of a miner who was employed on his work by night and took his rest by day, which proves that superstition is still rife amongst some of the Cornish people. Whilst he was sleeping he heard, or he fancied he heard,

three distinct taps at his door. He immediately summoned the whole family to his bedside, and announced to them that the taps were a supernatural omen—that as far as this world was concerned they would have to pack up their goods and chattels and quit. At Helston on the 8th of May every year an annual floral festival takes place to commemorate the idea of a fiery dragon, which in remote history was supposed to have passed over the town.

We dismounted by the wall of Saint Buryan's Churchyard. Here Mr. J. Richards, of Church Town Farm, proved a most excellent cicerone, and was well versed in the parochial history. The church has been most beautifully restored, chiefly through the bounty of the Prince of Wales. It dates from the tenth century, when it was built by King Athelstane, who granted to it the privilege of sanctuary. The rood screen, which is decorated with quaint emblems, was a part of the old church. There are some curious crosses and inscriptions in the churchyard, and at the gate there is a flight of stone steps used by farmers in ancient days for mounting and dismounting when accompanying their wives, who rode pillion with them, to Divine service. The same custom still prevails in Norway, in the Hardanger district of Vossevangen, and I remember assisting once at a wedding, when all the party rode to church, the bride and bridegroom's horses being joined together by coupling-chains. There is a quaint epitaph within St. Buryan's

Church, on the tomb of Arthur Levelis, the squire of a family well known in Cornwall during the Middle Ages, and who died the 2nd of May, 1671 :—

> "This worthy family hath flourished here,
> Since William's Conquest, full six hundred year,
> And longer much it might, but that the Blest,
> Must spend their *seaventhe* in a blessed rest.
> This worthy gentleman, last of his name,
> Hath by his *vertues*, eternized the same ;
> Much more than children could for books, for Love
> *Recordes* it here, in *Heartes* in Life above."

On a tombstone in the churchyard there appear the somewhat practical reflections—"To the Memory of Captain Nathaniel Doble" :—

> "Our life is but a winter's day,
> Some only breakfast and away,
> Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
> The oldest only sups, and goes to bed.
> Large is his life who lingers out the day,
> Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

From Saint Buryan's through Penzance, our route was continued to St. Ives. A very lofty erection was prominent on the wooded hill above the little fishing town. It turned out to be erected to the memory of a gentleman named Knill, who bequeathed a considerable sum of money to secure, after death, prayers for his soul. The terms of the will are rigidly carried out, and though the testator, I believe, is buried miles away from the spot, on a fixed day in every fourth year, the Mayor and other officials of the Corporation of St. Ives attend at the monument in the wood, whilst twelve damsels in white dance

around it and offer up prayers for the soul of their benefactor. From St. Ives we rode on through the tin country; but all the inhabitants seemed to think more of politics than of their mines, and Mr. Conybeare's chances of success in comparison with those of Mr. Strauss for the Camborne Division, together with the grand victory of Mr. Williams at Truro, seemed to be the staple theme of conversation. We passed one or two bacon-curing establishments, a novel venture in this locality, and a very lofty shaft was pointed out to us as the site of an arsenic refining factory. I at once bethought myself of the "Maybrick Mystery" (at least so some people term it). No judge worked more patiently to unravel it than did Sir Fitzjames Stephen, and the exact number of dictionaries which he called into use, to enlighten the Liverpool jury as to the meaning of the technical medical term "Petechiæ," which, I understand, signifies a rash, will never be ascertained. During the eventful trial at St. George's Hall I met the late Dr. Tidy and Dr. Stephenson on several occasions. The fact that "doctors differ" was, I should say, never more plainly established. Dr. Tidy was so far carried away by his emotions, that he was about to state when under examination not only that he had made a post-mortem, but also created the subject thereof. An expression of bewilderment, however, from the learned judge enabled him to make the necessary amendment in his statement.

The north coast of Cornwall abounds in seal, and the chough is occasionally seen in the district, with his characteristic red bill to distinguish him from his partner in the famous song which will recall to many minds faded recollections of old "Evans," of hot potatoes at midnight, of learned Serjeant Ballantine pouring forth his fund of anecdotes to an attentive audience at a corner table, and last, but not least, of Paddy Green, with snow-white hair, silk pocket handkerchief, and the immortal snuff-box, chatting with group after group during the convivial evenings ere the "Falstaff" and the New Club had sprung up, flourished, and dwindled into decay.

At one of the hotels we come across a curious couple. They had evidently travelled far and wide on the Continent under the auspices of enterprising tour promoters. The ice was soon broken, and we entered into conversation. The gentleman seemed half inclined to apologize for spending his holiday on English soil. "You see," he exclaimed, "we have nearly done it all, though as for Niagara, we are going to do him last." He seemed to have a very vague idea of what he had seen, or where he had been, and his better half was not able to give him much assistance. His notions as to the locality of Genoa were very mixed. He was very proud of having made an ascent to the Pyramids, and descended in safety. "What," I asked him, "during your travels made the most impression on your mind?" "Now

there," he said, "you have put me up a tree. But I take it that a storm on the Lake of Ouchy"—with a broad English expression of that lovely spot—"will take the cake." He was evidently not impressed by Cornish manners and customs.

We rode on through Redruth and Truro, over several miles of moorland, past the little "Victoria" roadside inn, and completed a long stage of forty-eight miles within the hospitable portals of "The Royal" at Bodmin. The capital town of the Principality, with its one long street and beacon, was more or less excited over the recent election. It had stuck to its colours, and sent back Mr. Courtney to Parliament in preference to a comparative stranger. The Cornishman cares very little for Home Rule; he is wrapped up in tin and slate, though he is very clannish, and likes to support those who are of his own kith and kin. The advent of Her Majesty's Judge of Oyer and Terminer, and general gaol delivery, in the person of Sir Arthur Charles, formerly leader of the Western circuit, had caused a little life in the old town. We understood there were only seven prisoners to be tried, for the Cornish are as a rule a law-abiding and peaceable race. From Bodmin to Tintagel was our next move. The country here was wild and barren, and few habitations were visible. Here and there a church tower appeared as a solitary landmark, and "Brown Willy," a Cornish tor, at an altitude of about 1360 ft., kept reappearing at different stages on

our route. It only required to be covered with snow to recall to one's mind the jagged appearance of the "Dent du Midi," as seen from Lake Leman, between Vevey and Clarens. The "Wharncliffe Arms" at Tintagel was our next resting-place. The remains of the old castle with which the rough seas of this coast have made havoc are associated with all kinds of romantic legends, and in the language of Lord Campbell in reference to the family of "Mar," its origin is lost in antiquity. It may have been the castellated fortress of some of the Cornish Princes, wherein they withstood foreign invasions; or perhaps it was the abode of the marauding tribes which infested the coast in the pre-Norman era. The path which winds up to the ruins is rather precipitous, with a yawning cavern beneath in some parts, and, like the Gemmi pass, it requires a steady head to face it.

These Cornish retreats, far from the madding crowd, are the resorts of painters, artists, and heterogeneous authors, who evidently derive inspiration from the wild scenery. I have a recollection of an eminent Canon of Westminster firing away with his ready pencil for hours at a stretch as he surveyed the Atlantic under a flag-staff on the heights above Bude. Though he gazed on northern seas, he was able to give to the world a vivid account of a shipwreck on the Mediterranean coast off Baiæ, whereby an Empress Queen fell a victim to no stress of weather, but to a foul conspiracy hatched by the fertile brain

of the Nero whom she had caressed. Much of the Canon's choice oratory is associated with Monte Rosa, and scenes on the High Alps, though he often draws from the wild and picturesque spots in which this little scrap of Empire abounds.

From Tintagel to Bude was a stage of twenty miles. On the road we came across Mr. Anderson, well known at Oxford to the frequenters of "Vincent's," and to the boating world as "Joe," now a full-fledged parson. We stopped to bait at "Wainhouse Corner," an excellent hostelry by the roadside, kept by Mrs. Cory, where I had stayed years ago; and with the towers of Marham Church and Week St. Mary to mark the locality, we completed our three hundred and eightieth mile on dismounting at the "Falcon" at Bude.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FROM BUDE TO CLOVELLY, AND THROUGH THE HOME OF THE RED DEER TO MINEHEAD.

HAD Mr. Pickwick and his companions selected the far West as the scene of their coaching expedition, they would not have made much progress. The various cairns, mounds, and crosses which abound in Cornwall would have demanded special entries in the notebook; whilst the quaint dialect and pointed expressions of the yokels would have excited the wonder of Nathaniel Winkle and Tracy Tupman. There are various kinds of tourists nowadays. There is the American, who likes to rush through the country. He is to be found one day listening to the organ at Lucerne, and long before you are up in the morning he is guessing and calculating outside your bedroom door as to whether he will reach Italian soil in time to visit some famous museum which has been sketched out as part of the day's programme. Whether or no he derives real pleasure from this hurry-scurry whirl of travel may be a subject of doubt. Then there is the *blasé* youth of the period, fresh from the stalls of

the Gaiety with high collar and elaborate waistcoat, who the moment when he is landed at his hotel inquires as to whether there is a good music hall or concert room, and completely horrifies a pair of unprotected females armed with their "Murray" or "Bädeker," who are *en route* to some picture gallery or icy cold church.

However, to each man his own taste. There is certainly much to be learnt from the manners, customs, and conversation of the primitive Cornish folk. "What kind of day will it be to-morrow?" I inquired of a veteran labourer, who was putting the last bit of thatch on a hayrick. "There's n'ought telling," he replied; "de zun (the sun) he be going down red, but likely enough it will be a foxey morning." Sure and enough the diagnosis was correct, and it was a "wily" and windy day as we rode away from the "Falcon" at Bude. Solitude is the prevailing characteristic of the wild rocky scenery on our Cornish shores of the Atlantic, with nothing but the sea to separate you from the Western world, the bracing air being wafted direct and across from the Canadian coast. The absence, too, of railroad speculators has contributed to preserve the seclusion of the primitive little towns, nestling here and there in sandy coves between the Land's End and Hartland Point, each with its own natural fortress of huge rock and boulder, which rear up their heads like so many Centaurs along the shore. Mr. Brendon, who reigns

at the "Falcon," is purveyor for the various teams which are run to and fro in this remote district. Somehow or other on the various features of the travellers perched on the top of tourist coaches to me there always seemed a devil-may-care look, a kind of "I cannot-help-it," or "still-I-am-not-happy" expression. *The* vagaries of our English climate may account for it, but certainly in the Lake district and even in the sunny Isle of Wight, I have seen load after load blown in by the horn, looking as if they regretted they had ever left their hotel. It is in the Champs Elysees or the Bois that you see outward and visible signs of real enjoyment.

It was the good wife of our host at the "Falcon" who ministered to the Rev. John Russell, better known as "Parson Jack," after a long life run over the open, when the finish was at hand. Few men had such a host of friends, amongst all sorts and conditions of people. From Royalty and the Episcopal overseer of the diocese, in the person of the late "Harry of Exeter," down to the most humble follower of the Devon and Somerset staghounds on his shaggy Exmoor pony, he commanded respect. He could preach as well as he could ride to hounds, and he did not forget to obey the Royal command, and put a sermon in his pocket on his last visit to Sandringham. When the final illness came, and the end was near, his medical man inquired if he could relieve his suffering. "It is no good, Doctor," rejoined "Parson

Jack;" "the machine is rusty and worn out; it's no use oiling it any more." He shared with Whyte-Melville a love for Nature and for sport. The rooms of his parsonage were decorated with trophies of the chase, and his chairs, supported by the antlers of warrantable stags, were mementoes of long runs, past Dunkerry Beacon, until the quarry went to sea at Porlock Weir, or, taking to the moorland, was brought to bay in the Doone Valley at Badgeworthy Water. Like the author of Katerfelto, "Parson Jack" has left behind a name which in North Devon will not soon be forgotten. As an old and valued friend of my late uncle, Mr. Harry Villebois, "the Squire," he belonged to a bygone generation, of such men as Osbaldeston and Sir Henry Peyton, sportsmen who would more than hold their own with the representatives of our luxurious age. It is recorded that on one occasion when Jack Russell required the services of a curate, and an unfledged parson presented himself for inspection, he was interviewed by his master's old stud groom. "Can ye ride, zur (sir), to 'ounds," inquired the old stableman of the æsthetic divine; "because, if ye can't, Parson Jack will have n ought to do with ye?"

Through Stratton and Kilkhampton our route lay upon leaving Bude. There was little to attract one's attention, except the announcement on various notice-boards that the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester would preach in the neighbourhood on the following

Sunday. He, too, though riding nearly 17st., used to be well up when hounds were running, and his graphic description of the pink coats glistening amid the oaks of Thoresby will be remembered by those who have read the author's "Nice and Her Neighbours," ere the "Rose King" of the Midlands had exchanged his home in the Rufford country to preside over the clergy in the cathedral church of Dickens's old city. Dean Hole possesses a keen sense of humour, and his reminiscences of *table-d'hôte* acquaintances are very amusing. The old boys who dye themselves black, and the old girls who dye themselves yellow and thrust their extremities into patent leather shoes fully two sizes too small, did not escape the notice of his observant eye.

What curious specimens of the human race I have encountered at various hotels on the Continent, and in one's own country, too! It is a study worth cultivating to watch the faces of a family of four—father, mother, and two grown-up daughters—when the *fricassée* of *poulet* is being handed down the line by the waiter. The glances askance at the wings, which are gradually disappearing, whilst the legs alone remain to testify to the dismemberment of the once crowing poultry-yard bird are very significant, and the look of disgust of the portly head of the family when the drumstick fell to his lot will never be effaced from my memory. Then there is the gentleman somewhat advanced in life, with a stiff leg and

an eyeglass, who is on the look out for a second partner to share his joys and his sorrows. Again, I met a lady, a widow indeed, who ere the ice had hardly been broken confided to my ear the nature of her various investments. She was decidedly of a speculative turn of mind, dearly loved miscellaneous flutters, was a firm believer in "Bryant and May," and looked upon the Automatic Sweetmeat Company, whose wares are to be met with at every railway station, as simply a treasure amongst financial quotations. And "you know," she added, "my daughter will only have what I like to leave her, and my poor Henry had such implicit confidence in me that he left all his money to me absolutely." I could not help thinking that in her husband's lifetime the securities had been of the usual preference and guarantee stocks, and that he never had the rashness to dabble in chocolate cream or barley sugar. I also met a kind, venerable old gentleman who told me he had had four wives, and each had died from natural causes. No, he was not a bigamist. Talking of that offence, I am reminded of the finest expression of satire which was ever uttered, and which, I believe, may be attributed to the late Mr. Justice Maule. A wretched culprit, who could neither read nor write, was convicted on his own confession of intermarriage ere the seven years' limit had been passed, and whilst his first wife was still alive. There was no doubt that he had been driven to extremities by circumstances over which he

had no control, and that his former partner, like Mrs. Weller, had predilections for a member of the Stiggins's persuasion. When the culprit was called up for judgment Mr. Justice Maule addressed him in scathing terms: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on your own confession of this terrible and heinous crime. You say that your first wife treated you badly, and I dare say she did; but then you had the noble profession of the law at your command, and you should not have taken matters into your own hands. You ought to have consulted one of those gentlemen down there," pointing to the well of the court, which was occupied by a long row of solicitors, "and he would have charged you several sums of six-and-eightpence, but would have done you little good. He would have passed you on to one of those gentlemen in wig and gown over there, and after you had spent about twenty pounds, your case would have been heard in open court. I don't disguise from you the fact that I know you would have lost it, but then you would have been advised to carry it a step further to the Court of Appeal, and finally to the House of Lords, when in all probability, after years of waiting, you would have been allowed to marry the lady. But, prisoner, you have not done all this; you have not taken advantage of the law, but have acted contrary thereto. You are liable to transportation beyond the seas for a long term of years, but I sentence you to a nominal day's imprisonment; you can go." Those

who have had experience of offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of interviews with Dodson and Fogg, and of Counsel's chambers, will appreciate the force of this masterpiece of satirical utterance. Perhaps in the dim and distant future, a fusion of the two branches of the legal profession under the auspices of Sir Edward Clarke may tend to render the machinery of the law more speedy, and less cumbersome and expensive to worn-out suitors.

It was still blowing and gusty when we arrived at Clovelly, with its one long Arabian street of sloping steps irregularly paved which leads down between old-fashioned domiciles, covered with flowers and creepers, to the shore, where the quaint fishing craft ride at anchor within the little inlet, the coast line beyond Westward Ho being barely visible. Lundy Island might never have existed for aught we could see, but we determined to verify the fact of its insular position by a visit on the morrow. The New Inn at Clovelly is a veritable depôt of old oak and china, and some rare specimens of Worcester, Spode, and Swansea would not have disgraced a Fountaine or a Magniac collection. After riding through the "Hobby Drive," with glimpses of the sea here and there amid the drenched foliage, we sighted the district immortalized by the pen of Charles Kingsley, and arrived at Bideford (By-the-Ford), with its long bridge and steep hill down the principal street, looking far more like a Dutch than an English town. We

came across a famous archæologist, who accompanied us on our visit to Lundy Island, which is certainly an unknown and unexplored spot. With a rough and rugged beach, a landing is effected by fishermen's boats, whilst our steamer anchored beneath a rocky shore. The principal street is ascended by broad steps paved with stones. Vegetation seems to be very luxuriant. The cottages of the natives are neat, the exteriors being covered with ivy and Virginia creeper, whilst the myrtle and fuchsia were blooming on all sides. We heard that the species of wild flowers around here numbered two hundred and fifty, and that there were nineteen sorts of ferns. So lovers of botany might spend a profitable week in the district. Of wild birds, many of which looked as grave as judges, there is an abundance, the puffin—the parrot bird of Lundy, as it is called—taking high rank amongst the plumed inhabitants of this desolate spot. Our companion to Lundy was a great authority on the origin of names, and his researches into the derivation of Tre, Pol, and Pen, and other prefixes have been very extensive. A friend of mine once made a singular mistake. He is an eminent member of the medical profession, and a great advocate of the laws of hygiene and temperance. Wishing to establish his idea that a certain family were of Jewish origin from the etymology of the surname, he called to his aid the fact that the portraits on the walls all gave evidence of an undue predominance in the nasal

feature, which betokened an alliance with the children of Israel. Alas! he was much discomfited when he was told that the relics of pictorial art were all identified as having belonged to a most ancient family rejoicing in the patronymic of Brown.

From Bideford to the "Fortescue" at Barnstaple, a very good hotel, past Instow and Fremington, was our next stage, and soon after leaving the capital of North Devon, rendered famous by its annual fair, we turned off from the Lynton high road, and made for the wilds of Exmoor. It was a grand summer's day, and to Mr. Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" one could answer with an emphatic "Aye." Not the fleece of a cloud was to be seen in the sky, as, after skirting "Yard Down," one of the trysting-places for those who pursue the stag, we found ourselves at "Mole's Chamber," an appropriate name for a ruined and desolate homestead. We narrowly escaped a bog; but, thanks to the caution of our nags, we managed to reach Simonsbath. This remote village is situated in the very heart of the Exe Forest, between Lynton and Dulverton. Coombes and mountain streams abound, far away from the haunts of men and fashion, and we duly appreciated homely fare and Devonshire cream after many hours in the saddle. We jogged on through Exford, where the kennels are situate, and on descending the hill into the village had a chat with Arther Heal, the old huntsman, hale and healthy

still, although verging on nearly fourscore years. He was full of anecdote of horse, hound, stag, and hind; of the quarry taken off Glenthorne when a boat put out to sea, and the pack could scarcely be whipped off; and of a well-antlered specimen with brow, bay, and tray and four-o'-top, which gave a famous run years ago on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the ancestral home of the Luttrells, in their grand old castle at Dunster. We had completed about forty miles when we reached Minehead, and dismounted at the "Feathers," an hotel which has few rivals.

What a gem of a country it is which encircles this little hunting centre of the west. We were not reluctant to have an off day from breeches and boots, and to accept the invitation of our genial host, Mr. Thristle, to drive with him round the country, with its picturesque nooks and corners, to say nothing of panoramic moorland views which abound within easy reach of our present resting-place. The ordinary tourist is contented to do what others have done before. He will not leave the beaten highways. The coach road between Minehead, Porlock, Culborne Stables, and Lynton, beautiful as it is, is sufficient for him; he will not strike inland, though to the right and to the left of him are gems of scenery, with hills covered with fern and bracken wherein painters and artists would revel. It was a real treat to have a day on wheels, and under the

chaperonage of our host and that good old sportsman, Mr. Stoate, of Minehead, we were initiated into the "pick" of the district. The Blue Anchor, and Watchet, with the Quantocks clear under the skyline, was our morning's programme; whilst ere the sun set we drove through Luccombe Village, through dale and dell redolent with the scent of honeysuckle, and under the ridge of Dunkerry to Cloutsham Ball. What a lovely drive! One not to be beaten, so far as England is concerned. The pale blue sky was literally tinged with old gold colour; there were acres upon acres of oak and birch forest, scattered here and there on mountain and ravine, with a peep of the sea and the Welsh coast through the richly-verdured Bossington valley. Why must Englishmen hurry off to Norway and Switzerland before they have half seen the beauties of their own land, I wonder? From the little homestead attached to the farm at Cloutsham you can get a view which defies description. The sun was setting as we stood on the table-land within sight of Dunkerry. A herd of deer was soon spotted, feeding upon an open space of green sward near a forest of birch and fern, and their peace was not for one moment disturbed by the fiendish screeches from a whistle whereby we endeavoured to scatter their family group.

In little more than a fortnight's time Cloutsham Ball will be the scene of the famous opening meet of the Devon and Somerset. Cloutsham was some

years ago the scene of a most comical episode. The trysting-place in August is always an excuse for a large open-air picnic; four-in-hands, breaks and char-à-bancs, down to the humble village cart, are all drawn up within the enclosure. History will never reveal the number of corks discharged by Heidsieck, Mumm, and Bass, which could testify to the national holiday of the district. Two hours for luncheon are generally supposed to be the allowance, while the tufters are at work in the combe, where the fresh slot of an old stag has been marked in the dewy morning. On this memorable occasion, however, the Master had arranged with Arthur that he should wave a white pocket handkerchief to him when the tufters had aroused their quarry, as a signal that the rest of the pack, which are kennelled in the stables of the farm, might be laid on. The luncheon cloth had barely been spread, the contents of the various hampers had hardly been explored, when it was reported that an unexpected "find" had taken place. Without a moment's delay, Mayonnaise, *foie gras*, and the choice productions of Fortnum and Mason were consigned to their wicker baskets, and the whole field of five hundred strong, with hounds to the fore, cantered away to a distant headland, whence the fluttering signal seemed to beckon them; but, lo and behold! what a fraud! what a delusion! Instead of Arthur and the tufters, a closer inspection revealed the familiar form of an eminent member of

the Bar, no mean sportsman and artist, who was leisurely taking a sketch, and in order to protect himself from the rays of the sun, had resorted to a white pugaree, which enveloped his straw hat. He was much disconcerted when he found himself the object of so much interest, and the exclamation of the disappointed field must be left to the vivid imagination. Old Arthur, who watched the manœuvres from the corner of the cover, may be forgiven for supposing that the whole field had taken leave of their senses.

The shades of evening were deepening as we drove back to the "Feathers," where hospitality is a household word. I have visited most of the romantic spots in Norway, the Tyrol, and on the Alps, but amongst many gems the drive to Cloutsham will stand out in brightest setting.

## CHAPTER V.

FROM MINEHEAD OVER THE QUANTOCKS AND MENDIPS TO CLIFTON, AND THROUGH THE SEVERN AND WYE DISTRICTS TO HEREFORD.

Over seven hundred miles had to be accounted for between Minehead and John-o'-Groats, and we were therefore obliged to leave our comfortable quarters at "The Feathers." A drive to Lynton, over Porlock Hill, and past Culborne Stables and County Gate, was the last amongst many bright memories associated with our visit to this lovely district. I wonder whether Southey was right when he declared that Cintra and Lynton were the fairest spots he had seen during the course of his travels. Certainly the miniature towns of Lynton and Lynmouth, now rendered more accessible the one to the other by means of a lift, have a characteristic beauty of their own which is unique. The two branches of the Lyn stream, which converge at Waters Meet far up the wooded ravine, dash down over rock and boulder through the channel, which runs parallel with the main street at Lynmouth; whilst terrace after terrace, bright with

verdant foliage and dotted with picturesque homes, fringe the hills that environ this charmed spot. The first glimpse of Lynton is obtained as the coach descends the precipitous road which winds near the cliff.

After all, it is weather and digestion and favourable circumstances which contribute in no small degree to the impression one forms of any particular district. And this reminds me of an American friend whom I met years ago at Monte Carlo. He had a passion for the Salon de Jeu and Roulette, and the numbers had a peculiar fascination for him. Like all gamblers he had his superstitions and his fancies, and "Zero" and number eleven were the objects of his special attention. On one occasion, when he had been singularly lucky, and "Zero" and "Onze" had recurred after short intervals, he took me affectionately by the arm, and leading me on to the terrace, exclaimed, "I guess if ever there was a paradise on earth, here is the very incarnation of it." It was a lovely night in early spring; the scent of the flowers in the gardens, which were gay with the bloom of rose, jessamine, and geranium, were wafted towards us; the bright villas in the neighbourhood were ablaze with a thousand-and-one lamps; not a cloud could be seen to mar the brilliancy of a Mediterranean sky, literally jewelled with stars. My heart went out to my American cousin, and I was thoroughly in touch with his sentiments. How rapid was the change which came

over the spirit of his dreams. It was only twenty-four hours later. The night was as beautiful as the previous one had been; the sea and sky were blue; Jupiter, Mars, or Venus, and all the minor constellations, with the Bear fraternity and the Polar Star, were singularly resplendent; but my American saw all through a jaundiced eye; his luck was against him. He had staked his money on his favourite numbers; the maximum stake had been planted *en plein* and *en cheval*, but the pea would not alight where my friend would have desired it, and pile after pile was swept away by the rake of the ruthless croupier. I was standing on the steps of the Casino, and though it may seem strange, I must have been unobserved, when I detected the transatlantic accents of my friend who was ejaculating to himself upon the turn in his luck, and he added, "If all the building were on fire at this moment, I would not get a drop of that Mediterranean water to put it out." Companionship, too, may to a great extent make or mar a place; ungenial society will often cause one to take a morbid view of scenes which under other circumstances would have left a bright impression. We were reluctant to say good-bye to our kind host at "The Feathers," and to the home of the red deer, with coombe, copse, and heather. A gallop over the wild moorlands of Exmoor, with sea breezes charged with ozone, will do more to recruit the health of the jaded and blanched Londoner, than quarts of the Eliza-

bethan Brunnen at Homburg, or the waters of German Spas. "Get an Exmoor pony and follow the hounds, with no medicine." Such was the prescription of an eminent physician in Stratford Place, in return for his well-earned fee.

Talking of Homburg, there is an excellent story of a once famous barrister. He loved the nobles of the land and ladies of high degree, and on arriving at his hotel heard that a distinguished member of the Upper House was staying there. He called the waiter and desired that a place for him might be reserved at the *table d'hôte*, adjoining that of the noble lord, at the same time offering him a gratuity of half a napoleon. When dinner was served the learned counsel, on entering the room, discovered that the coveted seat was already occupied. He at once summoned the waiter, and angrily demanded why the chair had not been reserved for him. "Well, sir, I am very sorry," replied that functionary, "you gave me half a napoleon to place you near his lordship, but he gave me a napoleon to place you on the further side of the table!"

From Minehead to Burnham was a long stage. We rode past Dunster, recalling ideas of the feudal age when knight service was rendered by the villein to his lord, and when the attachment between master and man was greater than it is nowadays, in this democratic age. Through Williton, and over an arm of the Quantock Range, we skirted the home of the

Hood family, at St. Audries, where the view of the Bristol Channel and the Welsh hills is broken only by the two Rocky Islands of "Steep Holme" and "Flat Holme," which rise up from the sea abruptly, midway between the two coasts. It was late at night when, having stopped to bait in the old market town of Bridgwater, we halted at the "Queen's," Burnham, where our wants were zealously ministered to. A whole army of cyclists seem to invade this district, judging by the number of machines we met on the roadway. From Burnham, a peaceful retreat with a long esplanade and good sands, where children can dig and make castles unmolested, we rode on past Highbridge to East Brent. Archdeacon Denison, hale and hearty, despite his advanced years, still ministers to the wants of the population in this village. It is many years ago since I heard him preach on the occasion of an octave celebration in the old parish church of Frome, in the days when Mr. Bennett was vicar, and when his ritualistic tendencies had brought him within the pale of an ecclesiastical court. The archdeacon, who was one of the preachers during the week, was denouncing the intolerance of religious persecution, and asked from the pulpit whether there was one member among the congregation who would see their vicar cast in prison and not use every effort to restore him to freedom. "Not if I know it," murmured an attentive listener, who was sitting in my pew; "he might stay there for a long time before I

would try to get him out." I discovered afterwards that this uncharitable worshipper was very anti-ritualistic in his views, which would account for his strong expressions.

At Brent we sighted the long range of Mendip Hills, which extend for almost twenty miles in an unbroken line, save where the Cheddar Cliffs divide them between Wells and Weston. One of the first occupiers of the Bishop's throne at Wells, on being appointed to the Episcopate, and on being asked as to which See he preferred, "Bath or Wells?" replied "Bath" (both). This request was literally complied with, and he received, it is said, the nomination of joint overseer over both Sees. The route was now steeps and now the reverse, until we reached Dundry, seven miles from Bristol, whose church is a well marked beacon, as seen from the Clifton Downs. We were not sorry to complete a long stage and dismount at the "St. Vincent's Rocks" Hotel, one of the most comfortable at which we have stayed during our ride. It overlooks the ravine where the nightingales sing under cover of the Leigh Woods, and is in sight of the suspension bridge which spans the valley. How is it that this bridge has such a fascination for those who are tired of existence? I once heard a case tried where two persons had agreed together to commit suicide. The lady carried out her intention by drowning, as she could not swim. But not so her romantic swain, for the sensation of the cold

water brought him to his senses, and he struck out for the shore. During the course of our ride we heard of a similar case which was tried at the present Assize, on the Oxford Circuit, before Mr. Justice Collins, at Stafford. The prisoner was charged with the murder of a lady with whom he had agreed that they should put an end to their mutual existence. The man never carried out his intention, and by law was *primâ facie* guilty of murder: but as it could not be shown that he really ever intended that either should put their threat into execution the jury acquitted him of the charge.

Alas! at Clifton "Bonchurch," whose back had begun to show signs of hard work, was reported to be *hors de combat*, and unable to carry his burden further to the northward. I was sorry to part with the old horse, but veterinary examination pronounced him to be totally unfit. I at once bethought myself of Mr. Paulett, of Clifton, well known with the Pytchley, who at once stepped into the gap. A serviceable nag was provided—a light bay of the cobby stamp, with a good pair of shoulders, and plenty of muscle, who, I was assured, would carry me as though I were a feather-weight, and canter on to John-o'-Groats without turning a hair, though under the pressure of 16st. I trust the prophecy may prove correct, and that "Punch" and his new companion may remain undivided until the completion of our tour. For three miles the road out of Bristol was infested by tram cars, which

seemed to bear down upon us from all quarters. My fresh nag stood the test well, and I think even Mr. Winkle's nerves under the circumstances would have been undisturbed.

Talking of nervous riders, years ago there was a subaltern in the "Blues" who, when in the hunting field, put his *h*orse at a fence in a somewhat half-hearted manner. One of the non-commissioned officers of the regiment who was in the field, and who was noted for his total disregard of the aspirate, shouted out "Throw your *h*eart over the *h*edge, and your *h*orse will follow." The names of my brother's chargers were a fearful tax upon his pronunciation, and Obadiah and Ahasuerus were subjected to cruel vituperation. "Why does Heenan," he asked, "Christen his 'osses by such outlandish scriptural names? Give me Beelzebub," he said, "and there's a downright proper name for a charger." At that time Beelzebub shared with Obadiah and Ahasuerus the honour of carrying my brother's huge proportions when on parade.

My brother's prodigious physical strength, I imagine, was the reason that soon after joining the "Blues" he was known as "Heenan." It was about this time that that famous pugilist was matched with Tom Sayers: both of these celebrities, I believe, have joined the majority. A few engravings here and there remain to enlighten the present generation of the famous prize fight which took place near Farnborough.

Fashion changes with the times. Whether the world is better or worse, I don't pretend to say; men now-a-days go in for lawn tennis and golf, and the heroes of the ring whose names were once on every tongue are forgotten. But are we more civilized after all? and have education, schools of art, the temperance movement, and the Salvation Army and General Booth made the world better? My old Oxford College scout, on my last visit to that ancient seat of learning three years ago, when I remarked that the new race of undergraduates seemed much less rollicking, rejoined, "Well, sir, you see human nature is human nature after all; there's not so much tandem driving, but there ain't much change at bottom, for it's done more on the quiet like." The peace of "Peck-water Quad" is not now disturbed by bonfires at mid-night, nor are valuable statues of ancient divines and benefactors desecrated at the hands of illustrious gentle-men commoners. Many years ago such an event did occur, when the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Liddell held sway at the Deanery. But I have digressed from our line of march.

From Bristol we rode on to Almondsbury, where the Channel grows more narrow, and where the valley opens out, with the Forest of Dean and the lovely district between Tintern and Chepstow visible on yonder shore. After passing Thornbury and Stone, we made for Berkeley Road, a capital half-way house between Bristol and Gloucester. After luncheon, the

landlord insisted on our making a slight detour from our line of march, promising us one of the finest views to be obtained during the course of our ride from the Land's End. He assured us that the district was too little known, and that if we would accompany him on his pony up a rather stiff Alpine path, he would guide us to Stinchcombe Hill, where we should be able to take stock of the country over an area of many miles. Full well he carried out his promise. The day was bright and clear. Fifteen miles to the westward we could make out the cathedral at Gloucester, whilst the view extended far away into Wales. We could see at least seven counties, and could follow the windings of the river until it widened into the waters of the Bristol Channel. Golfers were busy on the plateau, whence we could get a glimpse of the Duke's country beyond Badminton, whilst a pedestal erected to the memory of Tyndale, in the immediate foreground, proved that the efforts of the great translator of the Bible are not forgotten on his native soil. Down into the little village of Dursley, with its picturesque church and dainty cottages, was our next move, and after bidding farewell to our guide, a good road of nearly fourteen miles brought us within the precincts of the ancient and historic cathedral city of Gloucester. The old Norman cathedral, with its characteristic arches, plain and solid, and cloisters, always has its peculiar charm, and after a night's rest we were again in the saddle bound on another long stage.

From Gloucester to Ross the route is comparatively uninteresting until in sight of the picturesque town overlooking the Wye. Had we had the time I should have liked to renew one's acquaintance with Tintern, Chepstow, and the Wynd Cliff; but precaution and consideration for our nags induced us not to diverge from our course, and after a further jog of about fourteen miles through a county of apples and cider, under the cover of the Welsh hills, with the "Black Mountain" and "Sugarloaf of Brecon" in the dim distance, we sighted the dark and sombre tower of Hereford Cathedral, and were soon clattering over the paved street which leads to the "City Arms." The city was *en fête*, as it was the annual regatta festival. The bridge which spans the Wye and the banks of the river were thronged with spectators from the country districts, and at night, when Chinese lanterns and coloured lamps illuminated the foliage near the river, one's mind was carried back to Venice on a carnival night, when gliding down the Grand Canal to the Rialto, one forgot one's cares and sorrows, listening to the splashing of the oar and the strains of "Santa Lucia." Amongst the leaves of a life, however uneventful, some are more underlined than the rest, for there are few existences totally void of romance if only the bare truth were known.

## CHAPTER VI.

FROM HEREFORD THROUGH LUDLOW AND SHREWSBURY, SKIRTING NORTH WALES, TO CHESTER AND THE COTTON DISTRICT.

We had completed more than half of our ride from Land's End to the border city of Carlisle upon leaving Hereford. We had time to visit the cathedral, with its rood screen, which is an especial object of attraction. From Hereford to Leominster, on a fairly good road, we obtained excellent views of the Malvern Hills, and the beacon near Ledbury, and arrived at Ludlow, on the Teme—a stage of twenty-three miles—in time to look over the castle. Our guide, who was well stricken in years, had learnt his part well. The slightest interruption, however, during the course of his narrative seemed to disconcert him, and make him "hark back," although he was quite pathetic when he recounted the story of the two young princes who were taken out of their beds to be conveyed to the Tower of London in order to further the ambitious schemes of their wicked Uncle Richard. If only walls could tell a tale, one might have had startling revelations of rollicking

days and boisterous nights which characterized the dissipated reigns of our mediæval Sovereigns. We were attracted to the hostelry of "The Feathers" by the somewhat antiquated appearance of its exterior, but after considerable experience I am inclined to pin my faith to the modern hotel with electric bells and light rather than to the antediluvian relics of a bygone generation, where rats and mice seem to recognize the fact that "possession is nine points of the law."

Our stage next day, from Ludlow to Shrewsbury, was a long one, but the scenery on either side of the road is remarkably fine. Alter leaving the "Craven Arms" we had in view the Montgomeryshire hills, whilst just before reaching the picturesque little market town of Church Stretton, "Longmynd" and the "Caradoc," somewhat miniature Matterhorns, confronted our line of march. When we dismounted at "The George" at Shrewsbury (a capital hotel), we had put thirty miles of excellent road behind us. The Quarry Walk by the banks of the Severn, reminding one of the Broad Walk at Oxford, seems to be a great attraction for the Salopian population on a summer's evening, and we were much interested by a visit to the Trout Hatchery, whereby the river is being stocked with a fresh supply of fish. From Shrewsbury to Chester was, as far as I am concerned, a ride of forty miles over old and oft-trodden ground. It is more than a quarter of a century ago since I

was consigned to the care of the Rev. Stephen Donne, Rector of Marchwiel, who, at my father's request, undertook to further my education ere I was turned loose upon Oxford life. From Ellesmere to the bridge over the Dee at Overton every field and tree seemed to be familiar, and after leaving Bryn-y-pys (Mr. Peel's lovely home on the banks of the river), we soon sighted the tower of Marchwiel Church, when the force of association made me dismount. The place looked just the same. The Squire of Erddig and his wife, whom I remembered thirty years ago, were in the village assisting at the inauguration of a new clock to the parish church.

In the days when I was a pupil we used not to be so particular in keeping the exact time. A clergyman of a former generation once told me that on taking his first service in church he was very nervous. He arrived in the vestry before the bells had begun to chime, and at a quarter before eleven, when fully robed in surplice and hood, he inquired timidly of the clerk, "How many minutes to the hour?" "Lor, sir, never mind the time," he replied. "If you want to begin I will strike her;" and the few members of the congregation who arrived at eleven o'clock found that their new parson had anticipated them by fifteen minutes. It is a remarkable fact that the village population pay very little attention to the movements of the clock, and to obtain from them the exact Greenwich time would be an impossibility.

Judges on the bench are well aware of this fact, and owing to wilful or accidental mistakes as to the precise time when any event took place, many notorious criminals have been able to escape conviction by proving an alibi. The elder Mr. Weller was a firm believer in this excellent line of defence. His ejaculation from the gallery in the famous suit of Bardell *v.* Pickwick: "Lor, Samivel, Samivel, why wasn't there an alibi," brought down the severe censure of the learned judge who presided at that memorable trial, who told Sam, to his great gratification, that he would have committed his offending parent to prison if only he had been pointed out to him.

Talking of alibis, I am reminded of an excellent story, within the experience of an eminent Queen's Counsel on the North-Eastern Circuit, who was retained to defend a burglar of the old school. The chances of success seemed very remote, for the accused was taken red-handed with jemmy and other house-breaking implements in his possession. "I am going in for an alibi, sir," said his client, "and I will give you the choice of three, and here they are, choose which you like. I was a hundred miles away from the spot on the day, as I had made an appointment with my young lady, to arrange about our getting married." "That won't go down with the jury," said his legal adviser; "tell me your second alibi." "Well, sir, I had been at some

races in the north, and late that night, when they say I fixed this job, I met a pal who owed me some money, and he paid it me then and there." This story, however, was not acceptable to counsel, who asked for the third and last alibi. "Well, sir, I think you will say it is out-and-out the best. I was a-burying of my mother-in-law up in Northumberland and I can get the undertaker and his men to prove it." This line of defence was adopted, and the witnesses in funereal doeskin were in attendance, and duly deposed according to instructions received. The ruse nearly succeeded, but the learned judge directed the jury aright, and a notorious criminal, with a long record of previous convictions, was duly found guilty.

A thousand-and-one memories were recalled to my mind as I walked through the churchyard of Marchwiel, where my old tutor rests. I saw on the tombstones many names of those whom I had known in former days. My brother Fred had also been placed under the supervision of the Rev. Stephen Donne, and his prodigious appetite, on the occasion of a walking tour through North Wales, was a subject of conversation in the Principality long after he had left the neighbourhood. It was about the season of Michaelmas, and after a long walk Fred turned into a wayside inn. Seventeen stone need support, and on inquiring what was ready for luncheon, the host replied in Welsh accents, "Well, sure there is a

hot goose, and an apple tart, all ready to be put on the table." Half-a-crown was the modest demand for this luxurious fare; but the landlord's ejaculations can better be imagined than repeated, when, after accepting payment, only the carcase of the goose and an inch of crust remained to tell their tale.

From Marchwiel we rode on to Wrexham, a town with a remarkably fine church-tower, but which still clings to the odours of the tan-yard that affected my nostrils in past days. Some people have a very sensitive appreciation of strong odours, and I am reminded of a lady who presided over the culinary department of a gentleman's household, who once gave evidence before me in an arbitration suit, when the question at issue was whether or not a certain house was reasonably fit for habitation The cook was a strong witness for her employers, who wished to get out of the "Let." She swore positively to three distinct smells, "a faint smell, and a strong smell, and an objectionable smell," and the satirical remarks of the cross-examining counsel, when he referred to her as "the lady with the delicate nose," did not in the slightest degree discomfort her or induce her to modify her statement. A twelve-miles ride along a good straight road through Gresford and the Rossett brought us within sight of the park gates of Eaton and the old castle of Chester overlooking the Dee. Next morning we spent an hour in the Assize Courts, where Mr. Justice Mathew was initiated into

the mysteries of the Welsh tongue, whilst his learned brother, known to his friends as "Long Lawrence," was instructing the jury as to the true interpretation of "tenant right," a contention having arisen between Lord Derby and a man who occupied land under him as to whether the produce might be sold by the tenant to go off the land at the expiration of his lease. The farmer eventually obtained his verdict. Mr. Justice Mathew entertains but a poor opinion of Welsh morals, and the accepted ideas of veracity in Wales are not very strict. The unfortunate remark of an eminent Prelate of the Church, that "he would rather see England free than sober," called for somewhat severe observations from the judge. From the Assize Courts we drove over to the stables at Eaton. The stock of thoroughbreds were in capital condition, whilst the skeleton of Touchstone, one of *the* horses of the century, who was distinguished for having an extra rib, was pointed out amongst the curiosities of the stable.

It was late in the day when we mounted again *en route* for Manchester, a long ride of nearly forty miles. The district of fog and smoke and railroads was near at hand, and the whole country seemed to be intersected with lines of rail. Luckily, our nags have been trained to stand fire and whistles, or the screech of the North-Western expresses might have caused us no little discomfort. We rode through Delamere Forest, so it is called, although I fear it cannot

compete with the scenery of Lyndhurst or Sherwood. On arriving at Northwich, where we stopped to bait, our approach to the manufacturing districts was evident. Clogs worn by the members of either sex —a very formidable kind of weapon in the North— and the costume of the women who made a shawl do duty for both bonnet and bodice, seemed rather strange, and the courtesy of the inhabitants of the South was not continued after leaving Chester. We passed some foreigners on the road in charge of three young bears who had been brought over from the Pyrenees, and who seemed none the worse for a long day's journey from Chester *en route* to Manchester. Skirting Knutsford on our right hand, placards on the wall, "Vote for Coningsby Disraeli," arrested our attention before reaching Altrincham, one of the most attractive towns in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Hence we soon found ourselves in the district of tramways and tram cars and paved streets—rather a tax upon our horses' feet—and made but slow progress, so it was late at night when we reached the "Queen's," our resting-place for a couple of days, for we did not care to risk our necks by riding for miles through the suburbs of the city on the festival of the recurring Bank Holiday, when Lottie Collins and "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" were announced as a powerful attraction.

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM MANCHESTER TO PRESTON AND LANCASTER, AND THROUGH THE LAKE DISTRICT TO THE BORDER CITY.

Lady Violet Greville was right when she asserted that there are innumerable quiet nooks and corners in England which ought to be explored, and that from the heather-covered moorland of North Devon to the still lakes of Westmoreland, each nestling within its own natural fortress of hill and crag, there are prospects of endless variety, many of them on ground untrodden by the ordinary tourist, who must needs transport himself to far-off climes in search of repose and holiday. We are the slaves of imperious fashion. To be seen within the charmed enclosure at Ascot on the Cup Day; to spend one week at Cowes and bask within the hallowed precincts of the Squadron; and to be found on the platform of Euston Square station with gun and cartridge case on the eve of the Twelfth; these are the ambitions of the every-day youth of the period who aims at entering the gilded circle wherein society basks and fritters time away.

On leaving Manchester, with its gummy atmosphere of fog and smoke, where pure air seems to be a rare commodity, we realized that our tour, so far as England is concerned, was nearly over. Little more than a hundred miles had to be traversed, ere we reached the Border City, to cross into the country of the "ranting and roving boy," the poet whose language appeals to every condition of life, and whose memory is enshrined within the breast of every canny Scot. A Scotchman was once boasting of the talent of his native land, when an Englishman ventured to declare that at any rate Shakespeare was not a Scot. The Highlander was quite equal to the occasion, and remarked, "Weel, his ability would warrant the presumption." The wilds of Cornwall were far behind us, the memories of North Devon, connected with scenes on Exmoor, still retained their impression, whilst the quiet spot around the banks of the Severn, Wye, Dee, and Teme, seemed to have been photographed on the mind. The power of association is great, and often one can see again forgotten faces when one visits haunts of bygone days, where last these faces were seen. It was a long and weary ride across the paved streets of Manchester, which seemed to lengthen interminably until we reached Bolton, and even then for a distance of three miles tram lines and tram cars had to be endured before we obtained a whiff of pure country air. Midway between Bolton and Preston, on reaching Chorley, we had left smoke

and fog behind us, and we could get a glimpse of the Lancashire hills, with Rivington Pike as a beacon on the offside. Far away to the westward a break in the coast line enabled us to see the cliffs near Lytham and Blackpool.

Harking back to Rivington, it is many years ago since I heard a celebrated Lord Chief Justice of the now extinct Court of Common Pleas advise a sheriff's chaplain as to the choice of a subject for an assize sermon. The reverend gentleman was called upon to preach before a very eminent chief of another division on the Midland Circuit, and found it a hard matter to choose a subject for his discourse. "Go to Rivington," was the advice of the learned judge, "and tell him you want a treatise on strict 'ethics,' which may be edifying to my learned brother."

Mountain peaks, it always strikes me, are very much alike one to the other, and it is amusing to watch the confused expressions on the faces of travellers to the Rigi, who, in their desire to see the rising sun illuminate the various ranges of the Alps, and to master their geographical position, attempt the task before they are quite equal to it, at a very early hour of the morning. Human nature is not at its highest standard, either physically or intellectually, when the day is very young. When the *train de luxe* reaches Lyons Station, *en route* for the sunny South, what curious specimens of the human race are seen hurrying to the buffet, and even the fair *débutante* of

the London ball-room loses half her charms and fascination when, not quite awake and with her head enveloped in a huge wrap, she emerges from her corner of a *coupe lit.* The venerable father of a family who has acquired a slight smattering of the French tongue cannot recall one single expression of his vocabulary when he is bustled out of his train at this early hour, and hardly realizes how many minutes will be allowed for the "*thé complet.*"

Preston, for a manufacturing town, seems to suffer less from the oppression of smoky chimneys than most of the centres of commerce in the cotton districts. Picturesquely situated on the banks of the Ribble, it dispels for the moment the idea that it is surrounded by mills and longcloth factories. As we rode up "Fishergate," and along the paved street past the Town Hall and excellent Library, we had a presentiment of comfortable quarters and a welcome at the "Park Hotel," which proved to be correct. A visit to the new docks, which extend over forty acres, was part of the next morning's programme. Our guide, a dock labourer, of rather a superior type, who initiated us into the various branches of the dock, confessed that he was a Radical, and had not voted for the Unionist candidate at the recent election. "You see, sir," he exclaimed, "Home Rule does not concern us working men much, but what we want is a Government which will look after us, and that Mr. Gladstone can do." I reminded him of the wars and

rumours of wars which were associated with a former Liberal administration, but for the moment he was not to be moved. He had much to say upon the Eight Hours' Question, and was strongly in favour of the time of labour being limited. "There are too many mouths to be fed, sir," he added, "in this country, and shorter hours will mean more work for more men, and less mouths to feed." There was some logic in his remarks, but I think with very little persuasion he might repeat the articles of the Unionist faith.

His opinion on the Eight Hours' Question was not shared by the "hands" at Messrs. Horrocks' factory, where we directed our steps after leaving the dock. The dinner hour had nearly expired as we obtained permission to visit the longcloth mills, and a clatter of clogs was heard as over three thousand men and women returned to their work after their mid-day meal. Two-thirds of the factory workers are women, and a few children are engaged in the weaving-sheds, though until they reach the age of thirteen the requirements of the Education Act prevent their being employed in the mills for more than five hours a day, or half time. It was a most interesting visit, and the various processes whereby wool from Egypt and America is converted into sheeting, after it has been cleaned and corded, and combed, warped, and slashed, were duly pointed out. The men and women, who were working in the different depart-

ments, looked fairly healthy, though the perpetual din of the shuttle and the great heat at which the sheds are kept, reminded one of the temperature in a Turkish bath, without the peace and quiet associated with that Eastern luxury. The workers at Messrs. Horrocks' mills were mostly Conservative in their principles. They advocated no limit of time to their day's work, and it is no uncommon event for over 300*l.* a year to be earned by the members of one single family who are employed by this firm.

From Preston to Lancaster through Garstang was our next stage of twenty-two miles. We could make out Morecambe Bay to the westward, with Grange-over-Sands, under cover of the woodland which fringes the coast of the bay. We had time after our arrival at the "County Hotel" to make our way up to the old castle, full of historical associations in the days of John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The dungeon where the Lancashire witches were confined; the Round Tower, said to have been built in the early years of the Roman Empire, with the relics of a Roman altar, were all denoted by our guide, who also conducted us to the Shire Hall, which is now emblazoned with the arms of the different sheriffs who have been appointed since the days when George I. was king. The tracery over the judicial bench with turrets and minarets reminded one of the decorations on the exterior of the Duomo at Milan. It was in this court that Brougham and Scarlett and Creswell

fought their forensic battles, and in later days Manisty, Campbell-Foster, and Seymour were the leading counsel engaged here. A good story is told of the two latter when on circuit at Lancaster in the "sixties." They were opposed in a case of uncommon interest, when Mr. Foster, who was a Scotchman with a strong northern accent, made frequent allusions in his speech to his learned friend Mr. Saymour. The latter at last interrupted him, and exclaimed, "Seymour, if you please. "Very well," said Mr. Foster; "be it so. *See more and say less.*"

Some men are very particular as to being addressed by their proper name and title, and I am reminded of a dinner party given years ago at a lovely villa on the outskirts of Nice on the Var, by some wealthy representatives of commercial success. Mr. Peabody was to be the guest of the evening. Four baronets and their wives were invited to meet him, and two of the number prided themselves because their rank dated from an early period of history, and they were entitled to wear the Nova Scotia badge. Great indignation was therefore caused by the hostess, who, disregarding all rules of social precedence, marshalled the ladies into dinner in the order that "age" suggested.

Judging by the names on the walls of the Shire Hall at Lancaster, the old families of the County Palatine are still extant in the neighbourhood, and one missed the names of newly-imported residents of

mushroom growth, who help to populate our home counties. From Lancaster to Kendal, through Carnforth, the route is interesting, especially upon reaching Milnthorpe, where the whole range of Westmoreland Hills which environ the Lake district came into view in the foreground, with the Langdale Pikes, conspicuous as sentinels, at the extreme limit of the range. Had they been covered with snow, and their height extended, the amphitheatre of hills might have simulated the grand group of Alpine monsters which surround you on all sides from the vantage ground of Gornergrat, above the Riffel at Zermatt. There is a weird solitude about the hills of Westmoreland which is always refreshing, and we were glad to find ourselves at Kendal, one of the best starting-points for the various excursions to the Lake country. From the "King's Arms" to Windermere the country is rough and bare, crag after crag and fell after fell flanking our line of progress, with Howgill and Grayrigg and Shapfell towering above the rest. From Windermere we rode on close to the Lake, through Lowood (which showed no traces of the fire that some years ago threatened to destroy this honeymoon retreat), and when we had passed Ambleside, with Mrs. Hemans' old home nestling in the trees, we caught sight of "Fox How," the spot which Thomas Arnold of Rugby loved. Thence we rode on by Rydal Water, and were soon ready to dismount at the "Rothay Hotel," at peaceful Grasmere, the resort of

bishops and archbishops, deans and canons, to say nothing of authors of the lesser fry. In the quiet nook at the back of the churchyard we came across a group of Americans, who seemed much awed by the simple memorial stones which mark the resting-place of William Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge.

The sports at Grasmere, where all the Border counties send representatives on coach and gig, are an historical festival in the North, and are regarded by the population as their Epsom holiday. I had a curious experience there many years ago. It was a scorching day in August, when the annual gala *fête* at Grasmere occurred. I was sauntering across the course, when a gentleman, whose opinion in the Lake district was considered infallible, meeting me, exclaimed, "There goes Ballantine," at the same time pointing out a venerable old gentleman with white hair and pink complexion who was escorting a fair companion. It was clearly a case of mistaken identity, and although about the neck there might have been some resemblance to the learned Serjeant, I at once told my informant he was wrong. "How can I be?" he replied; "I know Serjeant Ballantine well. I have played whist with him at Torquay, and there he goes." I told him I had no wish to wager, as I was positive on the point, but eventually a small stake was laid upon the matter at issue. But here a difficulty presented itself. It was necessary the old gentleman should be confronted with my opponent

in order to establish his own identity. I soon made myself known to him, and he kindly assented to my request that he should attend at one of the leading clubs in the Lake district, and prove that he was not entitled to the celebrity enjoyed by the great legal advocate whom he slightly resembled. "It is true," he said, "I have a bunch of keys with my name engraved on them, but that does not prove I am entitled to bear it." However, he attended at the club at a stated time, and the gentleman who had made the wager also put in an appearance. After much conversation, he still believed his opinion was correct, and that the living features of Serjeant Ballantine were before him. However, he paid up, but as he declared that he did so under protest, further proof was necessary. Acting upon the advice of the editor of a well-known society journal, I wrote to the learned Serjeant, who was spending the last years of his life in comparative retirement at Margate, asking him to establish my statement that he was not present at the Grasmere sports on that occasion. He at once sent a reply to my letter, stating that he had never been in the Lake district in his life, though he had no doubt he might have played whist at Torquay with my over-confident acquaintance, albeit he had no recollection of him. It was a very diplomatic answer, and worthy of a barrister who had won his laurels at the session of ancient Bailey. The race of Serjeant is now extinct, Serjeant Sleigh, who died at Ventnor, being one of

the last survivors of the ancient order entitled to wear the coif.

From Grasmere to Carlisle was our last stage through England (a long one of forty miles), and after saying good-bye to my old friend who dispenses hospitality at the "Rothay," with its lovely garden overlooking a perfect nest of hills, we rode on past Wythburn Church, over the new road which skirts Thirlmere Lake, until within a few miles of Keswick. I wonder whether Wythburn can really claim to possess the smallest church in England, or whether Countisbury above Lynton, or the old church at St. Laurence in the Undercliff have prior claims. After leaving the Keswick highway, our route was by a very dilapidated road for a few miles to Thirkeld, and thence over a veritable mountain pass, with a grand view of Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Scawfel, and the Ullswater range, until we reached "Mount Grisdale," a hostelry amid mountain scenery, overlooking a good trout stream far away from the haunts of men. We stopped to bait, and our host, Mr. Black, who was a firm believer in Mr. Jem Lowther's principles, and proud of having returned him to Parliament, spun us some droll yarns of Cumberland customs and life amid the Border hills. It seems that the sheep of different owners are allowed to wander from year's end to year's end upon the mountain; but once a year, on a stated day in November, all the shepherds meet at a given trysting-place, at one inn or another,

when all the sheep who have been found are driven to this spot and restored to their several owners. I suppose it was to this custom that Mr. Justice Stephen alluded in a case of sheep-stealing tried before him at the Worcester Spring Assizes of 1886. A man was found in the possession of a lost sheep. He was accused of stealing it. The defence which seemed to find favour with the Judge, who, I suppose, was influenced by the north-country custom of the mountains, was that the man intended to restore it; but inasmuch as the animal was duly branded with his owner's initials, a Worcestershire jury showed they had no sympathy with any such good-natured intention.

We had still nineteen miles to complete when we remounted at the little mountain inn, and a ride on of about five miles brought us to the ridge of a high table-land above the "New Yeat Inn," when another grand view was obtained, extending for miles, with the Border hills under the skyline. During our ride we have had two other such prospects, and I know not to which the palm must be awarded. Stinchcombe, Dunkerry, and New Yeat, were certainly the points of observation during our ride from the Land's End, and the scenery gathered round each of these beacons will reward anyone for a climb, whether it be made on horseback or on foot. We now seemed to be entering once more upon a district of habitations. A few high chimneys in the far distance pointed out the existence of the Cathedral city on the Border, and

after riding past Rose Castle, the palace of the Bishops of the Diocese, overlooking the banks of the River Caldew, we soon accomplished the remaining six miles, and were comfortably housed at the "County Hotel" at Carlisle.

We had earned a day's rest. Eight hundred and forty miles had been traversed since we left Southampton. We had now leisure to compare the different manners and customs which distinguish the working-classes of the North and South. We would fain commence the ride again, but I fear our nags would literally put their backs *up* and rebel at any such suggestion on the part of one who rides sixteen stone. From the Isle of Wight to Carlisle we had obtained views, bird's-eye ones, perhaps, of the mysterious beauties of English landscape, and of homestead life, that Morland loved to depict; and although the rugged grandeur of Norwegian and Swiss scenery may be wanting, still one cannot but rejoice that with all its vagaries of climate and weather, one's lot is cast on pleasant lines in this fair country of ours.

## CHAPTER VIII.

FROM CARLISLE ACROSS THE BORDER, THROUGH GRETNA GREEN, ECCLEFECHAN, AND TO THE VALLEY OF THE ANNAN AND MOFFAT.

EIGHT hundred and forty miles was our record since we started from the "Dolphin" at Southampton, and we had completed 569 miles of our ride to John-o'-Groats from the Land's End when we started from the "County Hotel" at Carlisle. We made a short visit to the cathedral, which externally cannot compare with the grander minsters of Durham, York, or Lincoln, or even with the chief churches of our cathedral cities in the south. The east window, however, I suppose is one of the finest in the country, and there is also a window recording the tragic death within a short space of time of five children of Archbishop Tait, who died at Carlisle when their father occupied the deanery. Mr. Moody was addressing a crowded audience on the race-course on the eve of our departure from Carlisle. I remember once when he and his colleague, Mr. Sankey, were holding one of their monster meetings in the Agricultural Hall, obtaining an excellent seat in close proximity to the

deacons who were in attendance on the preacher. "Can you sing, sir?" exclaimed one of the door-keepers who did duty as verger. "Because if you can, I will put you up on the platform." "Tenor voice," I replied, and I was escorted to the "Speaker's Gallery"; but from a back row I imagined I should not be able to hear Mr. Moody's address. "I think I will sing soprano to-night," I remarked to the door-keeper. "I should not have thought there was much treble in you now," he rejoined, "from the look of you. But come along, do your best," he added, and I found myself alongside the late Lord Kinnaird, whose evangelical labours at the Lock Hospital rendered his name famous amongst the colleagues of Lord Shaftesbury.

We also paid a visit to the County Gaol with its curious round towers of red sandstone which mark the site of the County Hall. I had an interesting conversation with the governor, Mr. Levis, whose experience in prison discipline extends over a period of many years. He pointed out to us the graves of Messrs. Martin, Rudge, and Baker, the perpetrators of the series of crimes resulting from their burglary at Netherby, and he informed us that but for an accident the free use of the revolver by the prisoners in their attempted flight from justice would have resulted in more loss of life. It seems that to escape the risk of identity two of the prisoners exchanged great coats. The breast-pocket was on different sides in the two

coats, and from the force of habit as either convict put his hand to the wrong side of the coat to find his revolver, time was gained, and the number of their crimes was discounted. Mr. Levis is a great advocate for shorter terms of imprisonment, but on more severe lines, and agrees with Mr. Justice Day that the use of the lash is one of the chief deterrents of crime. It was at Carlisle that a well-known baronet, who assumed for the time the incognito of "Malden," assisted on the occasion of the last act in the Netherby Hall tragedy. The convicts were apprehended in rather a curious way. By taking a cross-country route they arrived at a railway station between Carlisle and Penrith, and concealed themselves, as they thought, late at night in a goods waggon, part of a train bound for the south. They evidently intended to escape from their hiding-place during the journey south, and make good their flight. The driver of the train, however, or the guard, saw something moving under the tarpauling, and after the train had started it struck him that perhaps the men who were wanted for the Netherby Hall crimes were in the waggon. He wrote down his suspicions on a piece of paper and handed them to a signalman at one of the boxes which was passed *en route*, directing him to wire on to the next station. A staff of policemen were thus in readiness when the train drew up at the platform, and to their evident surprise these notorious criminals were captured.

Mr. Levis told us a good story of the late Lord Chief Baron Pollock, which was recalled to my mind on passing Gretna Green Station, in the neighbourhood of the famous coursing meeting at Longtown. the Chief Baron, who was associated with the towns of Huntingdon in his early life, had no belief in the wisdom of jurors of that county. Espying a brace of greyhounds in close pursuit of a hare, he soliloquized to himself that Puss could only "be preserved by her own legs—or a Huntingdon jury." The Chief Baron, who was Senior Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, once prided himself at an assize dinner on his mathematical skill. "Write down, then, eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven, my Lord," was the request of one of the guests. Pens and paper were produced. In vain the great lawyer and scholar attempted the task. The figure one was repeated time after time, but numeration proved the answer to be incorrect, and Sir Frederick Pollock, who owned himself defeated, when he was shown that twelve thousand one hundred and eleven was the correct description of the quantity, took refuge in the moment of defeat with the remark that "it was only a trick."

Apropos of the Netherby Hall case, the men belonged to a gang of London ruffians, one of whom, by name Lee, paid the penalty of his life for the murder of a police sergeant at Romford. Mr. Grain undertook his defence at the trial, when Mr. Justice Hawkins presided, and refused to yield to the

prisoner's request that he should call a certain lady, who was supposed to have sold a pair of spectacles which were thrown away by one of the culprits in his flight. She would not swear before the magistrates as to the identity of Mr. Grain's client; and the learned counsel, realizing that ladies possess the privilege of changing their minds, did not wish to run the risk of putting her into the witness-box at the trial at the Central Criminal Court. Whilst Mr. Poland was replying on the part of the Crown with that close reasoning which is his especial characteristic, omitting no point which could be fairly urged, and blocking up every loophole of escape, Lee became very violent, protested that he had not had fair play, and that his witnesses had never been called. Mr. Justice Hawkins blandly remonstrated, and at last allowed him to call the good lady who had sold the spectacles. She was one of that class whose appearance denoted much strength of character, and as with firmly compressed lips she embraced the Testament and removed a black glove fully two sizes too large for her, I felt that the prisoner's fate, if it rested in her hands, was sealed. "Now, then," said Mr. Justice Hawkins, "ask her what you please." And the prisoner at once commenced the attack.

"Did you not come to Springfield Gaol, and swear before the magistrates you could not be positive about having sold those eyeglasses to me?"

"Well, I did," replied the obdurate spinster; "but

I swear you are the man now, because you have let your beard grow. I have no doubt about it!"

"Any more questions to put to her?" quietly asked Sir Henry Hawkins.

But the lady's change of opinion had completely overcome the accused, who allowed the witness to leave the box without another remark.

We rode over bridges which span the Eden and Esk after leaving the city. It was a bright, clear day, and for many miles after crossing the border, Skiddaw was a prominent feature in the range of mountains, and amid the many curiously wrought peaks stood out as the very diadem and centre of these giant spirits of the wilderness. No wonder that Carlyle, bred and nurtured under the cover of these huge granite cliffs in his peaceful home at Ecclefechan, through which we rode *en route* to Lockerbie, was inspired by the thoughts in "Sartor Resartus," which portray the scenery of the borderland in realistic language. The mountain scenery amid which he lived at Ecclefechan, with the English mountains to the southward, and the wild Dumfriesshire hills overlooking the peaceful valley of the Annan in the foreground, doubtless suggested the thoughts to which he gave utterance as he gazed over those stupendous monsters of the Alpine world, realizing that "the spirit of the earth had its throne in that splendour," wherewith man could hold silent and almost infinite communion.

We left the "muckle toun of Langholm" on our offside after crossing the river Sark, the boundary-line of the sister countries; and had we needed corroboration of the fact that we had crossed into the country immortalized by Robert Burns, the replies of the rustic population whom we met at "Kilpatrick-Fleming," a small village beyond Gretna, would have supplied the missing link. "I din na' ken," was the answer of a native whose years were many, proving that he had not participated in the advantages of the Education Act. Clearly the three R's are not considered sufficient for the members of a new generation. Gretna Green, consisting of a handful of houses, with one of a superior type, surrounded with trees, was naturally interesting from an historical point of view in connection with Scotch marriages and the marriage laws, the mysteries of which I have not yet been able to fathom. It is said that the house in the trees by the roadside on the Glasgow highway was once the scene of those romantic episodes in real life; of flights by midnight, and ladies strapped on to the pillion of the saddle, who rode away from their ancestral homes to receive nuptial benedictions at the hands of the Gretna village smith, who tied the knot with as much security as though the ceremony had been enacted by an eminent Archbishop, within the shrine of Westminster, or any other hallowed spot. It would seem that a simple declaration of "I will," in the presence of witnesses, where

the lady says nothing by way of protest, is a valid contract, and is binding upon the parties. "After all," as was once remarked by a well-known president of the Probate and Divorce Court, who was directing a jury as to the validity of a certain contract in a famous trial, where Sir Henry James and Sir Edward Clarke were opposed the one to the other, "the contract of marriage is not one which implies a great want of intelligence on the part of those who enter into it." I once assisted a bigamist at Winchester whose first wife had no wish to have him restored to her, but who was induced by malicious motives to prosecute her erratic spouse. The technicalities of the marriage under Scotch laws, which the solicitor for the defence urged at the magisterial inquiry held in the Isle of Wight, completely perplexed the Bench, who were not initiated into the brief ceremonial rites which establish a solemn contract over the border line.

We stopped to bait at Lockerbie (twenty-four miles from Carlisle), confronted by the Queensberry range of hills. A farmer whom we met, who was conveying a flock of sheep to the annual fair at Lockerbie, had much to say about the political situation. He had no unshaken faith in Mr. Gladstone; but the "strongest firm," as he confessed, had his attraction for him, and I gathered he liked, with many other so-called politicians, to be on the winning side. Carlyle's birth-place and last resting-place at Ecclefechan recalled his words in reference to his native

home. "Does Teufelsdrockh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and, indeed, military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birthland, fly fast in this extremity towards his native Entepfuhl?" at once the goal and starting-point of his quest after truth and knowledge amid the labyrinth in which the philosopher finds himself involved. The sun was setting as we rode through Beattock, thence along the valley of the Annan, and made tracks for Moffat, nearly surrounded by natural fortifications of hills, still and quiet in the midst of mountain scenery, with woodland of dark fir to relieve the monotony of the hill country which surrounds it.

We passed the Loch-house Tower almost as soon as we sighted Moffat, famous for its echo, and once the residence of the Johnstons, an all-powerful family in the county. Hence The Three Stan' in' Stanes, of either Druidical or Roman origin, came into view, and the church clock was striking eight as we reached the "Buccleugh Arms," our appetites being keen and fresh and able to do justice to the hotch-potch and fresh-river trout, from the Annan close at hand. A short time is sufficient to give you an idea of the lions of this quiet little town. The Colvin fountain of red sandstone is intended, I suppose, to denote the peaceable calling of the native population whose lives are associated with pastoral scenes and sheepfolds.

## CHAPTER IX.

FROM MOFFAT ACROSS THE DUMFRIESSHIRE HILLS PAST THE SOURCE OF THE TWEED, TO BIGGAR, BATHGATE, AND THROUGH LINLITHGOW, FALKIRK, AND BANNOCKBURN TO STIRLING.

FROM Moffat our route was verily a mountain one, the road intersecting a kind of St. Gothard Pass for many miles. It was a steep climb, and after passing the hydropathic resort five and a half miles brought us to a turn in the road, where a deep gorge was seen between it and the opposite arm of the range of hills. "The De'il's Beef Tub," as it is called, is a hollow with steep sides covered with stone. It is close to this spot that the Annan, Tweed, and Clyde have their rise.

> "Annan, Tweed, an' Clyde
> Arise out ae hillside;
> Tweed ran, Annan wan,
> Clyde fell, an' brak its neck o'er Corra Linn."

Why is it that remote mountain districts are always associated with the personality of the infernal regions? The Devil's Dyke near Brighton, the Devil's Bridge on the Gothard Pass, in the vicinity of Andermatt, and

now his Beef Tub under the lea of the Dumfriesshire hills, testify to the fact that he is ever associated with the weird and grim works of Nature. We encountered a tramp on the road, who had walked from Swansea in eight days. He had been dismissed from a ship, and was making his way to Edinburgh, his native place, huts and hovels affording him a resting-place by night.

For nearly seventeen miles we seemed to be plodding our way through the mountain defile, with the Tweed to our right, little better than a mountain trout stream, meandering on until it gains strength and volume at Crook, a picturesque little hamlet with a few scattered homesteads and very comfortable inn. Thence on to Broughton, in sight of Tintow, the highest of the Lanarkshire range, and Coulter Fell in Peebles. We rode through Broughton, and through a wide, well-wooded valley reminding one of that which lies between Dolgelly and Barmouth, dismounting at the "Elphinstone Arms" at Biggar, after a rather long and tedious ride—twenty-nine miles. Our quarters were comfortable, and next morning we were in the saddle again bound for Bathgate, across Linlithgow border. Nature, which had hitherto revealed to us her many-sided charms, was on this day unattractive. After passing Newbigging and Carnwarth with Brae Head, a desolate spot on our route, we reached Wilsonstown, and then embarked upon a perfect morass of bog and peat. In the centre of the mining

district this little corner of Midlothian is singularly unattractive, not one feature of the landscape helping to relieve the oppressive character of the surrounding district. Evidence of squalor and poverty was visible in the faces of the mining population, the children in the purlieus of Venice being in many respects better clothed and more respectable. We met one man who appeared to belong to the agricultural class, who informed us we were within the constituency of the great leader of the newly-created Government. "Not that I voted for him," he declared, "as I don't see why Ireland is to have it all her own way, and have more done for her than the other parts of the country." He told us there had been a great change of political feeling in Midlothian, that he, in common with many others who had voted for Mr. Gladstone on a former occasion, had not supported him at the recent election. Past Longridge and Whitburn, the road continued as desolate and unattractive, and the smoke and the mist which seemed to hang over the town was not very encouraging as we arrived at Bathgate—a veritable mining centre.

Our experience of a night spent at Bathgate is very droll. The hotel, if so it may be called, was very cheerless and quite suggesttve of the black mining country of the locality. No good food was to be obtained, and a boiled egg, which might have been laid weeks before, and so-called tea, with a fluid declared to be milk, but which had no resemblance to

the produce of the cow, had to satisfy a craving appetite and a weary frame. It was too late to move on, and, alas! this was only the preliminary trouble. My companion had an absolute horror of fleas and other kindred foes to the flesh, and he was in the habit at every hotel where he stopped of making diligent search into bed and bedding; counterpane, sheets and blankets were alike scrutinized in search of any wanderer who might be tempted to molest him, and leave his mark behind. I had just retired for the night, when my friend rushed in; his look of absolute horror convinced me that something was wrong. Had he received a telegram which compelled him to return home? No! he had no such missive. Had the scanty fare for supper interfered with his digestive organs? No! the egg and milk and tea concoction had as yet produced no disastrous effect. The truth had to be told—he had discovered a flea, a "busy, active" one, a flea whose vitality was strong, and whose locomotion was rapid. "I must go into the room and see for myself." There was no denying the fact there was one of the family wide awake in the bedding. "Kill him," I said. "Ah! but," he said, "these troubles never come alone." In vain I tried to comfort him, and I believe, judging from his jaded appearance next morning, he had passed a restless night. Evidently these plagues have a peculiar fascination for certain individuals; some suffer, while others go unharmed. I remember once

on a voyage by sea from Bergen to the North Cape, when anchored on a small fjord near Hammerfest, our ship the *Michael Krohn* was suddenly assailed by a troop of mosquitoes; every kind of preventive oil was brought into requisition by my fellow-travellers; yet it is a remarkable fact that those who anointed themselves freely, bore away traces of the fray, whilst others who took no precautions escaped scot free.

We were not sorry to leave Bathgate, and were up betimes next morning, for our experience of the previous day made us eager to escape from a district wherein, I imagine, no poet could receive inspiration, and to which spot no one could wish to retrace their steps. Soon after leaving this woe-begotten town we were on the road for Linlithgow, and after about seven miles found ourselves once more in a more habitable district. A fine old castle and church distinguish the county town, and on stopping for a mid-day repast at the "Star and Garter," we found in our host one whose name is well known in Northamptonshire, and whose father, Jack Woodcock, of Brixworth, was first whip with Charles Payne, in the Pytchley country. Some old sporting prints decorated the wall, and the familiar cross-country Leicestershire pastures were in evidence. The engravings represented "The Find at Ashby Pastures," a famous meet of the Quorn when Mr. Osbaldeston was Master, and when the "Snob" during the course of the run was beaten by a five-barred gate, after he had ridden his horse not wisely

but too well. The Whissendine Brook was faithfully portrayed, and the familiar features of the Master, Mr. Holyoake, Sir Harry Goodricke, Lord Alvanley, Jack Stephens, and Craddock were duly depicted. The story of the "Snob," who participated up to a certain point in this memorable run, and whose desire to be recognized as a member of the select pack in the Shires could never be suppressed, reminded me of a comical episode which occurred in the hunting field in the Isle of Wight. A German gentleman who had been following the hounds, in endeavouring to clear one of the trenches peculiar to the country, came to grief, and he and his horse were hopelessly and firmly planted therein. With one ear crammed with mud, he presented a woe-begone and piteous appearance as he tried to raise himself from the mire. A distinguished member of the hunt, "marking one down," bent over the trench, and spoke words of comfort. "You are now one of us!" "Vat is dat you say?" was the feeble ejaculation of the representative of the Happy Fatherland from his resting-place as he strove to remove, with all the energy which remained to him, the mud that obstructed both his ears. "I am vun of you. Vell, vot is dat; vot does it mean?" "Why," said the veteran sportsman from his position of 'vantage, "you are free now of the hunt; you are one of us." "Ah! I see," exclaimed the stranded German, "I am free of de hunt, I am glad to be vun of you." And to this day he points

with pride to the trophy of that run in the shape of the brush of the hunted fox. He looks upon the event as one which occurred on a "red-letter" day in his sporting career, when through means of a spill over an island trench he had received his baptismal rights as a member of the Isle of Wight Hounds.

The ancient charter of Linlithgow, in quaint Latin, whereby in 1389 King Robert II. declared his royal favour to the burgesses of the Royal Burgh, was inspected. We were now in the vicinity of Up-hall, the last resting-place of Lord Erskine, the famous Chancellor, whose chequered career in the Army and Navy was followed by his entering at the Bar. It was as an advocate that he won his laurels, with his first brief as junior, in his famous speech wherein he denounced Lord Sandhurst in connection with abuse of patronage at Greenwich Hospital. I doubt whether that eminent lawyer would have had any sympathy with the Jacobite principles advocated at the present time by a youthful scion and descendant of his family. In connection with the Erskine family a good story is told of the sporting Earl of Buchan, who, when spending the winter in the Isle of Wight, despite his advanced years, was in the habit of running the distance between Ventnor and Bonchurch as though he was competing for the mile. On one occasion, late at night, he had enveloped his lithe figure in a long white sporting coat. At that time some of the inhabitants of the secluded village of

Bonchurch had been much disturbed by the appearance of an imaginary spectre. Catching a glimpse of the white form scudding through space at furious speed in the dim twilight, a woman fancied she had seen the ghost, and cried out in her panic. Lord Buchan was fully alive to the ludicrous situation, and at once endeavoured to assure the affrighted dame by shouting out to her, "I am no ghost, my good woman, I assure you! I am only the Earl of Buchan!"

From Linlithgow we had a stage of about eighteen miles to Stirling. Soon after leaving the county town the scenery began to improve, and we forgot the miserable associations of the previous day as we sighted the long range of Ochill Hills, which flank the wooded valley of the Forth, as it gradually is narrowed until it reaches Grangemouth. We passed Polmont, and habitations now became frequent, until we rode into Falkirk, on the afternoon of the memorable Twelfth, with its long and paved street, the church, a prominent feature, being almost Belgian in its character. Thence we pushed on to Stirling, over historic grounds and the scenes of strife, battles, and bloodshed in the days when Edward II. was routed by Bruce on the plains of Bannockburn. Just before reaching this spot, where a flagstaff marks the position of the memorable battlefield, we obtained our first view of Stirling, with the old castle lit up by the sun's rays, reminding one of Ehren-

breitstein, or some other castellated fortress on the Rhine. With Wallace's Monument a conspicuous object in the foreground of the Ochill range, we reached Stirling, having completed 120 miles during the four days since we left the "Border city." The valley of the Forth, with the long range of hills which bound it and the Wallace Monument present features which brought back to my mind the first view of Martigny as seen through the Rhone valley after leaving the Gorge de Trient.

Two days' rest at the "Golden Lion" Hotel had been earned, and we made use of them for a visit to the old Friary Church of the Franciscan monks and the castle, whence there are views of the whole country around for miles, including the Grampian Hills, with the Bridge of Allan apparently but a stone's throw from the Castle terrace. An old resident was anxious to point out to me a curious inscription in the adjoining cemetery, but I did not expect to discover that the same quaint epitaph—"Life is but a winter's day; some only breakfast, and away"—which marked a resting-place in St. Buryan's Churchyard, had also been selected as an appropriate inscription on the tomb of a gentleman who had filled a high office in the historic town of Stirling. The Scottish shield and lion in the front of Robert Bruce's statue, wherein he is represented with his face turned to the field of Bannockburn, was pointed out by our guide, who enthusiastically declared that

there was the great liberator of Scotland, who having accomplished his work, was represented as "sheathing his sword." A huge mass of rock selected as a "memorial" was said to represent the "Rock of Ages," and had been erected in memory of a gentleman according to instructions in his will. His relatives had opposed his marriage with a certain lady, and in order to have revenge upon them he had bequeathed his money and possessions for the erection of this huge monument, instead of in legacies to his various kinsmen, whose faces, when the will was read, can best be imagined by those who have assisted at such a function, where the family solicitor, who always appears on these mournful occasions, is loudest in his sympathy, and most cordial in his hand-shaking with those who have participated most largely under the last testament of his generous client.

It is a remarkable fact how the feelings of mourners are apt to change suddenly when they discover that their virtues have not been duly appreciated by the deceased testator, and, whilst dilating on his merits but a moment before, they are as loud in their condemnation when they discover that a signet ring or a worn-out family watch of huge dimensions is the sole reward for their attendance on the occasion of the last rites of the Church.

One's ignorance of the dates of mediæval history was made very manifest by trying to fix them in

connection with the numerous historic events which occurred at Stirling and the surrounding district. Talking of dates, I believe I am correct in saying that Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who was the last Chief of the Court of Exchequer, during the later years of his life was in the habit of taking occasional snoozes whilst on the bench. The venerable judge was a firm believer in dates, and on one occasion he speedily woke up when counsel inquired whether his lordship wished to have *all* the dates in the case upon his notes. "Certainly," replied the Chief Baron, "every date may be important." On another occasion, when the matter at issue had reference to a ship's cargo, and the learned judge had been enjoying his usual forty winks, he was at once alive to the gravity of the case when, having inquired of the leader for the plaintiff the nature and character of the cargo, he received as a reply, "A cargo of *dates,* my lord!"

The tourist population are most particular in their study of history during their annual holiday, and doubtless many weak points in their intellectual harness are thus repaired. I remember on one occasion, when dining at *table-d'hote* at a Venetian hotel with several members of a personally conducted tour, that I displayed my ignorance in a remarkable manner. The subject of the Holy Land was being discussed, and an old Scotchman and his wife were dilating upon the various interesting spots connected

with Scripture history. I ventured to inquire if they had stopped to bathe in the pool of Siloam. The shocked expression of the Scotch tourists will never fade from my memory. "Na mon could bathe in that pool with any dacency," he exclaimed, looking at his wife for corroboration, "why, there is not an inch of water there." At once I tried to mend matters by suggesting that it was perhaps the "Dead Sea," where, if time permits, the tourists may avail themselves of their conductor's permission to take a bath. Some American guests at the hotel appreciated my terrible situation, and confessed to me afterwards that my face was equal to a tableau, and that Paul Veronese's efforts on the canvas and his huge conceptions were not equal to my expression of countenance when the canny Scot brought his travelled experience to bear down on me after my indiscreet remark as to the unfortunate pool. Since that terrible night I have made it my duty to master completely the exact latitude and longitude of all points connected with that hallowed spot.

STOKE NEWINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

## CHAPTER X.

FROM STIRLING, THROUGH THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN, DUNBLANE, TO DUNKELD AND BLAIR ATHOLE, THENCE THROUGH KINGUSSIE TO INVERNESS.

FROM Stirling, with its historical associations, surrounded by pasture lands, and encompassed by mountains, we rode on to Crieff. It was a comparatively short stage of twenty-two miles, but over ground which had been the scene, in the Middle Ages, of sharp tussles, when Wallace drew sword against the English. Abbey Craig was a prominent feature on the mountain range, surmounted by the Wallace monument, erected in memory of the great champion of his country's rights. We rode close to the site of the battle-field, but it is difficult to take an interest in an event from which one's own life is separated by a vast chasm of centuries. An old lady who discharges the duty of guide to visitors to the battle-field of Waterloo, informed me once, in broken English, that members of different nations viewed the scene from different points of view. "There is the Englishman," she informed me, "he is very proud when he sees the lion, for it was a mighty battle and he win it. The

German, too, he is proud, for he say he helped much to win that battle. The Frenchman, however, he do not like that lion, for he say it was the devil for his country." "What does the American say?" I inquired. "Ah!" she added, "he say not much. He thinks it does not bring him any money, and it was very long ago." I fear my sympathy was with our transatlantic cousins in reference to the brave exploits which occurred on the battle-field of Stirling.

For many miles the long range of Ochill Hills were our constant companions on our route. A ride of three miles brought us to the Bridge of Allan, on the borders of the counties of Stirling and Perth. It was here that some years ago Mr. Benson, the hero of the so-called turf frauds, managed for a time to evade capture, through the collusion of some of the London detectives at Scotland Yard. He and his confederates spent some time in seclusion at "The Queen's Hotel," overlooking the banks where the peaceful Allan rolls down amid fir-clad hills. The superintendents of the police kept them well informed of the progress of events in regard to their proposed arrest. Benson was a somewhat remarkable personage. Of Israelitish origin, he possessed a certain *savoir faire* which enabled him to inveigle himself into the select society at Shanklin, where, assuming the spurious title of Count Young, he drove a well-matched team, sang entrancing French songs, and was an adept in handing round plates of bread and

butter, and cups of five o'clock tea. To receive a patronizing nod from the distinguished stranger, and to be admitted within his charmed circle, was at one time the pretty general ambition in that lovely district. The way in which Benson endeavoured to obtain a reduction of his sentence by "rounding" on the detectives is well known. He spent most of his term of incarceration amongst the fogs of Dartmoor, and whilst at Princetown he managed to ingratiate himself into the good favour of the officials by posing as a reformed and regenerate sinner. Subsequent events in his career did not justify the good opinion that his exemplary conduct had created. I believe that the Bishop of Salisbury was once imposed upon in like manner by the protestations of amendment on the part of a convict who assisted him to robe on the occasion of his holding a confirmation at Portland. The prisoner presented the Bishop with a bunch of violets culled from the garden which Michael Davitt had carefully cultivated, and with tears in his eyes declared he had turned over a new leaf. The converted sinner was, I believe, at the time undergoing a long term of penal servitude after many previous convictions, and in the opinion of those justified to form one, his amendment of life was, to say the least, very spasmodic.

From the Bridge of Allan to Dunblane, immortalized in song, whose floral heroine is a somewhat mythical and hazy damsel of a bygone age, we

emerged on to high ground, where the extreme spire of the Ochills at Craig Rossie, on the confines of a well-wooded valley, seems to keep watch over the peaceful hamlet of the now prosperous village of Auchterarder. A mile to the right of our road was Sheriffmuir, where the Highlanders under the Earl of Mar and the Royal troops under the Duke of Argyll fought, when both armies claimed the victory.

> "There's some say that we wan,
> And some say they wan,
> And some say that nane wan at a', man.
> But ae thing I'm sure,
> That at Sheriffmuir,
> A battle there was that I saw, man:
> And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
> And we ran, and they ran awa', man!"

We rode by the Queen's Gate, the date 1842 recording the fact of Her Majesty's halt at this spot, in company with the Prince Consort, on the occasion of their visit, half a century ago, to Drummond Castle. Through the village of Greenloaning, midway between Stirling and Crieff, we passed the celebrated Roman camp at Ardoch, thence we continued our ride to Muthill, where a dilapidated castle, said to date from an early century, occupied an exalted position. The last three miles of our stage was under a perfect canopy of trees, past the lodge of Lord Ancaster's home at the Castle, surrounded by deer forests and moorland, and we halted for the night at Crieff, beautifully situated on the summit

of a hill, whereon is a castellated abode, devoted to the science of hydropathy. Faith, I believe, goes a long way towards effecting a cure in this and like systems. At any rate, it has outlived the last medical sensational craze, whereby an eminent German professor hoped to effect a cure in a disease which has successfully defied medical skill. Learned followers of Æsculapius hurried off to Berlin, and, armed with bottles of lymph, they returned to their several homes, inoculating freely from the precious concoction into the skin of their over-credulous patients. If ever I proved a true prophet, it was when the so-called cure was first mooted, and I ventured to anticipate history by an ode which certainly cannot boast of Byronic genius. The muse inspired me for the moment, and thus I wrote, heedless of the abuse which was showered upon me by the host of my medical friends :—

"I am weary of giving, and giving away,
My valuable lymph every day.
The doctors they flock here from every clime,
They eat up my dinners, and take up my time ;
Would that I ne'er had invented the scheme.
Which, perhaps, after all, may prove a wild dream ;
Tubercular troubles I very much fear
Will never be cured by the lymph you get here."

A rather good story is told of a famous physician who has now passed over to the majority. He was not a great believer in drugs, but he was in the habit of inserting rather high-flown directions for the chemist within the sanctum of his consulting room.

On one occasion, the drugs prescribed consisted mainly of potash, with a dash of ginger, a slight addition of peppermint water, and then came the flavouring with the orange. Here the great Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians excelled himself. Instead of rendering the potion palatable with the syrup alone of this somewhat diluted cocktail, he added thereto the tincture ℥ of the same, and the fashionable lady patient who carried away to her brougham this marvellous trophy of medical skill, which was almost worthy of Abernethy himself, utterly collapsed when she discovered at the pharmacy that the new drug, "Tinc. ejusdem," had reference to one and the same juice, and meant orange tincture and nothing more.

From Crieff to Dunkeld was our ride next day. About six miles after leaving the "Drummond Arms," we entered the "Sma Glen," where a stone marks what is said to be Ossian's grave, a romantic ravine, sheltered by the slopes of grouse moors, the maroon tints of the heather being photographed upon the waters of the still Almond river. It was not unlike the road which winds up from the Rhone Valley past Liddes and St. Pierre to the Hospice of St. Bernard, where the monks distribute their bountiful hospitality to travellers who sometimes leave but scanty remuneration for their night's rest and ample fare. Past the "Amulree Hotel," we rode over miles of grouse moors alongside the River Bran, until a

gradual descent brought us into Dunkeld, with its bower of dark woodland, relieved by shades of lighter green, the West Grampian Hills towering above it upon the sky line. Another minute and we had ridden across the bridge which spans the Tay, in sight of the old Cathedral, and the Highland home of the Duke of Athole, to rest at Fisher's Hotel, half-way between Crieff and Blair Athole. We were here able to obtain accurate information as to the distance to be accomplished. "One hundred miles to Inverness," was the landlord's exclamation as we rode off from his comfortable hotel. "It has been measured, and it is neither more nor less." Past the entrance to the Duke of Athole's castle we rode to Pitlochry, with rail and river beneath the road for nearly eight miles. It was a clear summer's day, and we were somewhat confused by the various giant mountains which appeared on the horizon when a break in the foliage which covers the banks of the Tay every now and then gave us a distant view of them. The identity of Schiellalion, a monster among his brethren, was clearly established.

After leaving Pitlochry we seemed literally to be hemmed in by mountains, the Garry river, with cataract and waterfall dashing down the defile, where the Highland Railway ploughs its way over this classic ground. I somewhat aroused the ire of one of the guides who point out the various features of this wild and romantic spot. "It was

in this pass," I suggested, "that the Highlanders were defeated in the famous battle of Killiecrankie in 1689." "Nay," he said, "I bate ye there; it was us that defeated the troops of General Mackay." It was no longer a case with him of "dinna ken;" but I had been reading up my history, so I fired a passing bullet, and the brawny Highlander did not relish my information that though they won the battle they lost Dundee. We rode close to the lodge gates of Faskally, rented by Lord Mount Stephen, but hidden with the trees, and the shadows of night were lengthening as we crossed the bridge over the river, once the Garry, but now rechristened the Tilt, as it meanders through the secluded scenery of Blair Athole. From the "Athole Arms" next morning our destination was Kingussie, thirty-five miles to the northward, through scenery bare and monotonous, and with little variation until we had reached Dalnaspidal. Struan and the remote shooting-box of Dalnacardoch on the banks of the Tummel, shut in by two long unbroken walls of bare moors, are not very attractive centres, except for those whose object is the slaughter of grouse. From Dalnaspidal, a woe-begone station on the Highland line, the scenery improved a wee bit, when, after going through the Pass of Drumochter, we dismounted at Kingussie.

Thence to Inverness next morning was decidedly the day of our whole tour, although twenty miles had

to be tramped by me on foot. Alas! my second horse, which had carried me well from Bristol, and whom I had rechristened "The Unknown," showed signs, like his predecessor, of a sore shoulder, and also of a rheumatic tendency on the near hind leg; so after eighteen miles in the saddle at a walking pace, I was forced to trust to my own legs to complete a stage of forty-three miles to Inverness. It took me eight hours to do the remainder of the distance, and yet, despite the disaster and the imminent need of a fresh horse, all things combined to make this long stage a memorable one. There was a clear sky, with scarcely any suspicion of a cloud. We counted at least forty cones undulating in a circular range, here and there intersected by peak after peak, the rays of the midday sun emphasizing the lights and shadows on each, whilst the enchanted valley, with the river Spey winding through it, with its sable environment of native firs and forest scenery, was in marked contrast with the grim, bare, and solid mountains which surrounded it on all sides.

After passing through Lynshat Village, Belleville House (once the fortress of the Comyns), and Kincraig, we sighted a tall spiral beacon erected to the memory of George Duke of Gordon. Here also is a large cairn to commemorate the heroism of Waterloo men overshadowing the Alvie Loch. The tor on which the beacon is situated looks down on scenery not unlike that which one sees within range of a Norwegian

fjord, when, after mile upon mile of a drive through some narrow gorge, the whole aspect of Nature is changed as one is whirled in a carriole into a sheltered valley, green and fertile with its miniature lake of still water, sheltered by banks covered with fern and bracken.

Continuing our route through Craigellachie, the watch-hill of the Clan Grant, renowned for their watch-cry, "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" we reached Aviemore. Thence I trudged on to the Boat of Garten and Carrbridge, close to the new route of the Highland Railway, which is to shorten the journey from London to the Highlands. It was a long walk, but the mass of heather covering the hills as they sloped gradually to the valley, with the wild mountain scenery on all sides, contributed to make the day's excursion the most eventful in the annals of our progress. After all, different minds are differently impressed by different objects, and it would be difficult to signal out any particular spot, and award the palm. From the moorlands above Carrbridge there was one continuous descent for eighteen miles. We crossed the Findhorn Bridge, under cover of the Monadliath Mountains, and thence through Tomalin, halting at Freeburn. It is a different matter to carry 16st. yourself and lead an invalided horse than to be carried. However, we had to move on, for the night was no longer young when we reached Moy, on its own loch, the feudal

home of the Macintosh. We had completed our 1100 miles when, weary and footsore, observed by only two bystanders, I, in company with my friend, presented myself at the portals of the "Caledonian Hotel." Like the Premier on the night of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish within the seclusion of the Mall, "I was not unobserved."

It is many years since I visited the capital of the Highlands, where the prefix Mac to almost every name is somewhat confusing to a stranger's mind. On that occasion the Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, was assisting at the opening of the cathedral. I can see his features before me as I write, slowly passing through the nave of the cathedral at the opening of the service. The lawn sleeves, the taper fingers, the doctor's hood, and the little blue ribbon round the neck which marked his connection with the Order of the Garter, impressed my then impressionable mind, for I had not lived long enough to be disillusioned. At the luncheon which succeeded the consecration service the Bishop was the hero of the day. His eloquence in the cathedral entranced the congregation, whilst his fair companions at the banquet gave evident signs of enjoyment at the sallies of jokes poured forth by Dr. Wilberforce. It is difficult to speak after such men, and my heart went out to the overseer of a Scotch diocese, who was, I was informed, unpopular in the district at that time. He was called upon to respond to a particular toast, and

it was feared he would receive a frigid welcome. I was determined to test the value of popular applause, especially when displayed under circumstances of exalted exhilaration, so I and my companion at luncheon armed ourselves with tablespoons, and the moment the unpopular prelate rose to address us we hammered on loudly and long. Just as peak after peak on the mountains catch the rays of the rising sun, so did our enthusiasm seem to communicate itself to one after another of the guests, until at length, through the force of example or electricity, we made the whole party add their cheers to our own, and the welcome accorded to the Scotch Divine was even greater than that offered to his brother Samuel from across the border. So much for the voice of the people.

Over one hundred and sixty miles had yet to be traversed, and a third horse had to be procured ere we should have ridden from the extreme points of the sister countries. Little did I imagine as I walked alongside "The Unknown" through the streets of Inverness at the bewitching midnight hour, that there were breakers ahead, that a whole bundle of stack rocks of Highland contrivance were looming in the near future; and that for two days our existence was to be one series of adventures; compared with which the ride to Khiva was a mere bagatelle. What was the hardship of dodging General Milutin? What was a detour to escape Fort Number One in comparison with the trouble we were about to endure? Not all the

skill of Cockle, Beecham, and Elliman combined, with a dash of Eno added, can ever restore my debilitated constitution. However, happily the future was concealed from us. There was no portent or omen in the sky to betoken any untoward event. I never believe that evil comes after warning. It is always the unexpected that happens. No, I could not get even a glimmer, as I laid myself down to sleep the sleep of the just in the "Caledonian Hotel," of the Scylla and Charybdis which soon did certainly appear to bar our equestrian progress northwards, just as the breaking down of the Bonar Bridge put a fatal stop to coaching expeditions to John-o'-Groat's.

## CHAPTER XI.

INVERNESS, AND A SERIES OF ADVENTURES AND VICISSITUDES THEREIN, WITH SLOW PROGRESS THROUGH BEAULY TO DINGWALL TAIN, AND THENCE TO THE MICKLE FERRY.

THE morning succeeding our arrival at Inverness was occupied in arranging for a horsebox to convey "The Unknown" back to Bristol. His shoulder and the rheumatic condition of his hock on the near side hind leg rendered it necessary that "Punch" should find a third travelling companion to accompany him to John-o'-Groat's. Who was to know that a veritable infernal machine was in motion, and that a hidden force (in comparison with which dynamite was as nothing) was slowly and insidiously moving against me. The Trojan horse, full of armed men, which supplied Mr. Robert Lowe, the late Lord Sherbrooke, with such a striking simile years ago in one of his masterly addresses to the House of Commons, was, figuratively speaking, about to open its wooden walls against me. My first intimation that anything was amiss was conveyed to us in the evening by a coachman, who was driving his master's coach to John-o'-

Groat's, and who had learnt that owing to the breaking down of the Bonar Bridge above Tain, he would be unable to continue his journey to the northward. He gently conveyed to me that both our horses were in a miserable plight, and advised their immediate removal to their own homes. I at once made inquiries at the stables where they were located, and I discovered that the Inspector of Cruelty to Animals had been round, and that interviews with the Superintendents of the Borough and County Police Forces, to say nothing of veterinaries, and the courteous inspector, were absolutely necessary. Wherein was the cruelty? There were no signs of emaciation about "Punch," and my solicitude for "The Unknown" one's welfare was evidenced by my aching joints, the result of my tramp of twenty miles on the previous day between Kingussie and Inverness.

I spent a pleasant evening in company with Mr. Macdonald, the head of the Borough force, and he spun me some interesting yarns respecting Benson and Kerr, whom he assisted in apprehending when they were staying at the Bridge of Allan. The next morning I went up to the Castle, and my explanation to the courteous chief of the county constabulary in reference to my long tramp from Kingussie to save "The Unknown" was readily accepted, and I was informed that my brother's ride and his adventures *en route* to the Khan's capital were feeble in comparison with those I had experienced in the chief city of the

Highlands. I was told that a fresh horse to carry me to John-o'-Groat's might be procured at a livery stable in Inverness, and I promptly repaired there, little realizing that trouble never comes alone, and that I was entering upon another stage of vicissitudes which would severely tax my physical strength and nerve. An animal, black in colour, and rather thick in the leg, was brought out for inspection. Was he a Clydesdale? I should like to ascertain his pedigree. Calculated to do about five miles an hour at a stretch was the result of the opinion I passed upon the quadruped. "Two guineas a day" was the modest demand of the canny Scot, who knew that I was on the horns of a dilemma, and "seemed inclined to make no rebate." "Why," I replied, "I have only been paying 25*s.* per week for 'Bonchurch' and the 'Unknown.'" The owner thought a moment, and then came down a little in the price. "You shall have him," he said, "for five days at a charge of two and a half guineas, and you can box him back from Thurso. But," he added, "if you can sell him at Thurso for 50*l.* I will let you off the two and a half guineas, or I will take 44*l.* for him in addition to my charge to you. If you sell him in the North you will avoid payment for the box back by rail to Inverness." What did it all mean? Why was he so anxious to impress upon me the estimated value he set upon his valuable steed? I thought the matter over, and at last agreed, but had misgivings which were decidedly intensified when,

on having mounted, I found that any attempt to trot meant utter dislocation of every joint and sinew. What were the sufferings of "The Unknown" to my own? I remarked to the owner of the black horse I feared our progress would be slow, and I did not like the responsibility. Then came the final remark from the cute livery stable keeper, as I parted with him on the bridge over the Ness. "I hold you responsible for that horse, and I have told you twice the amount I require for him." Three miles an hour, and the chance of being minus 44*l.* at any moment; such was the situation in which I found myself when I had accomplished five miles of my journey from the Highland city. Yes, the Clydesdale had done the distance in an hour and a half. And still one hundred and sixty miles were set between me and the goal at John-o'-Groats. However, I determined to trust to fate, and handing my horse to a respectable agricultural labourer who lived near the second station from Inverness on the Highland Line, I wrote a polite note to the owner stating my progress was so slow, and the value he set upon the horse was so great, that although the difficulties in my path were many, I would rely upon the good fortune of obtaining another mount, and meanwhile would trudge on to Beauly.

I was not in the humour to make observation of scenery, but I did manage to catch sight of Redcastle, one of the oldest inhabited castles in Scotland,

picturesquely situated on the very banks of the opposite coast of the Moray Firth, while Ben Wyvis was very conspicuous among a group of mountains. Seven miles I walked alongside of my friend, who continued his journey on "Punch," the old horse somewhat resenting the slow pace. He seemed eager to trot, and I wondered if he imagined that the adjoining arm of the sea was associated with his familiar haunts in the lovely island adjacent to the Solent. I was weary when at eight o'clock at night I reached Beauly. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Never before did I realize to such an extent the full meaning of that somewhat hackneyed and now vulgar quotation. On reaching the inn at Beauly I was surprised to find that the telephone had been employed. The lady at the bar, on my arrival, at once ejaculated, "We have had a telephone message about you from Inverness." The landlord there was partner with the firm at Inverness, where "Punch" and "The Unknown" were at livery. "Yes," she added, "they want to know whether you have passed here, and whether you are still walking, or have procured a fresh horse." At any rate, although I became nervous over the undue interest which our ride was causing in Inverness, I was delighted to find that the Clydesdale had returned to his own stable, or otherwise the fact that I was minus a horse could not have been known at Inverness. No fresh horse for love or money could I obtain at Beauly. It was

getting very dark, and there was still about nine miles to be covered to Dingwall. The walk from Kingussie, the troubles of the previous day, and my tramp to Beauly, were beginning to tell, and as I passed on foot through the groups of natives who stood at the outskirts of the village of Beauly, I fancy had I been a quadruped they would have arrived at the conclusion that I was suffering from "stringhalt." Things looked black indeed, and Nature was in sympathy. Not a star in the sky was to be seen, and the Polar fraternity, with the index North star, were alike hidden in the clouds. Three miles, at the rate of about two miles an hour, brought us to the Muir of Ord, an excellent inn kept by Mr. Fraser, on the Tarradale estate, adjoining the railway station. He and his wife proved friends in need. I kept back nothing; the whole facts of the case I divulged. He had heard of our ride; he sympathized, and within a few minutes a practical proof of his kindness resulted in a grey mare, saddled and bridled, which appeared at the door, and which I was assured would enable me to complete the ride to John-o'-Groat's. As I drank off a pint of excellent Burgundy I comforted myself that my troubles were over, that everything came to the man who knows how to wait. Right glad I was that I did not carry out my intention of hiring a dog-cart to Beauly, wherein to be driven to Dingwall. Fifteen shillings, I think, was the demand, and then I should have failed in my object to reach John-o'-Groat's on

horseback. I cannot help thinking that the fact of "The Unknown" being my second horse, and of "Bonchurch" having been returned invalided from Bristol, was not discovered in the Highlands. A sort of erroneous idea seemed to prevail that I wanted to complete the journey on one and the same steed, although I cared not how many horses bore the burden, provided I accomplished the journey, and were able to take my leisure and make notes by the way of the scenery, recording such anecdotes as the several places recalled. I could not help rejoicing that we had got two to one the best of the four-horse coaches. The Bonar Bridge, or rather the want of it, was no obstacle to us, for on horseback we were told a passage across the railway bridge at Invershin, over the Kyle of Sutherland, would be granted by the railway officials.

Accompanied by quite a little crowd of rustics from Muir of Ord, we said good-bye to our kind friends at the hotel, and, although we were not in a condition to ride fast, we were thankful that at last our troubles seemed to be over. The clock was striking one in the morning as we dismounted at the National Hotel at Dingwall, and handed over "Punch" and his new stable companion, whom I christened "Judy," to the care of an attentive ostler. We had difficulty in obtaining a room, inasmuch as it was the morning of the annual games at Strathpeffer, and soon after day-break Dingwall was crowded by visitors, who arrived

from all quarters by train and road to assist at the festive Highland games. When I told my story I obtained universal sympathy. A gentleman who went round to the stables to inspect the condition of 'Punch," who was devouring a gallon of oats, declared that he saw no signs of emaciation, and that he looked quite fit to take part in the races at Strathpeffer, and, moreover, hold his own. I had an interesting chat with a capital Highlander, who confessed to me that, though a Scotchman, he oftentimes failed to understand his compatriots. "The Highlander," he remarked, "is an excellent fellow when he takes to you, and he will stick to you through thick and thin, but he takes a deal of knowing." "What," I replied, "if one dies before the friendship is formed?" My friend recognized the difficulty, and replied, "Yes; that's rather awkward." He told me a curious anecdote in connection with the bicycle rider, who recently beat the record in the time taken on the journey from Land's End to John-o'-Groat's. On arriving at the end of one of his stages *en route* through the Highlands, it was blowing a blinding hurricane of sleet, rain, and hail, and, not knowing the road, he offered, I believe, a new machine and twenty pounds to any native who would pilot him through the night to the next stage. Though there were several present acquainted with the route, no one came forward to accept his offer, and no assistance was forthcoming.

On leaving Dingwall we had added twenty-one miles to our record, and 145 remained to be accounted for. We started about midday from "The National" with somewhat restored spirits. "Judy" and "Punch" seemed to hit it off well together, and there were no signs that there would be any disunion before we reached our goal. Within reach of Tulloch, we rode through Novar to Alness, and I regretted we did not go out of our way to see the Black Rock, one of the most interesting natural curiosities of the district. A narrow defile between two grim rocks, the sides of which nearly meet, and you look down into a yawning precipice, where the effect of the constant trickling of water has worn the rock gradually away, and in many places broken it abruptly. A curious granite monument to a member of the Fergusson-Munro family was distinctly seen on the brow of the hill, and after skirting the Firth for many miles, now known as the Cromarty, we rode through Alness, and thence along an uninteresting flat line of country past Tarbat House to Tain. Before arriving at the "Royal Hotel," when leisurely riding along on the outskirts of the quaint little Ross-shire town on the sea, we were met by a party of bicyclists, who being aware of our advent, had advanced to meet us. They informed us that the whole town had turned out, doubtless eager to inspect the steeds, whose fame, or rather condition, had evidently been the subject of public comment.

"We will go in, sir, first at a moderate pace, and we can act as your pilots if you will trot gently into the town." I suggested I thought a walking pace would be more dignified, especially considering the grey mare stood little over fourteen hands, and that my figure mounted thereon might suggest somewhat ludicrous comments. I remember "Nadar," my brother's Tartar servant, who accompanied him with constant fidelity in his ride to Khiva, and whose services were much appreciated, was very anxious that the entrance of the travellers to the capital of the Khan should be as imposing as was possible, and thereby reflect honour and lustre both upon master and servant. The agonies that my brother underwent at the hands of an amateur barber to whom Nadar conducted him, who simply lacerated his chin by tearing out hair after hair in his somewhat stiff beard with an instrument, or rather a weapon, which was no more like a razor by Joseph Rodgers and Son than is chalk like cheese, will never be known. To please Nadar, Fred submitted to the ordeal, in order that as far as he was concerned he would leave no stone unturned to gratify Nadar's vanity, by improving, if it were possible, his own personal appearance. "No," I said to our pilots, "we will follow you at an amble, and accordingly we made our triumphant entry into Tain, and crowds of Highland men, women, and children, who gazed on us as though we belonged to some unknown

tribe, the fact of whose existence can only be relied on through the records of ancient history. Crowds came round to inspect the horses, We were interviewed by a most kind reporter attached to the staff of the *Scotsman*. "Punch's" physical condition as he stood outside the stable in company with the grey mare, awaiting his being dressed down and groomed, was made the subject of rigid scrutiny. The old horse failed to understand what it was all about, but submitted to the ordeal with patience and subdued dignity.

We received a cordial welcome from the genial host of "The Royal," who pointed with pride to a large photograph of Sir Henry Hawkins, robed in scarlet and ermine, the latter having sent this memento of a long visit to Tain a few years ago, when he was accompanied by the ever-faithful Jack. The landlord appeared to have no affection for the dog. "He is getting old, nasty, and snappish," he remarked, "and if he had not lost his teeth he would not have minded laying hold of my leg from his resting-place under the table when I was ministering to the wants of the learned judge at dinner!" Our bicycle friends informed us that if we took our horses over the Dornoch Firth by Mickle Ferry we should save at least twenty-two miles of our journey. They consented to ride with us next morning, and accompanying us three miles to the edge of the Firth. Little did I understand that was their interpretation

of the Ferry. I thought it was probably like the bridge which crosses the Medina between East and West Cowes, or that it resembled the ferry-boat which conveys you from Tor Point across the Tamar on the way from Plymouth to Liskeard. But, alas! when we reached the edge of the water, we found a veritable ramshackle kind of barge, without any means of boating either "Punch" or his new lady companion. "I should make them jump on," said one of the boatmen, as I hopelessly stood away from the group, realizing the utter helplessness of our position. "Not if I know it," I added, though the temptation was great, as I looked across the water. Only a mile to the opposite coast, with Skibo Castle occupied by Lord Durham, overlooking it. Still I preferred to ride over twenty miles round rather than run the risk of fresh disaster. "Punch," however, absolutely refused the boat, and at one time was within an inch of putting his foreleg between the barge and the ledge of the so-called landing-stage. I at once said we will go round, and accordingly saying "good-bye" to our kind pilots, we rode off from Mickle Ferry, where surely some method might be devised whereby horses could be boated with safety, and without the risk necessarily attendant where acrobatic performances on their part are required.

## CHAPTER XII.

FROM MICKLE FERRY TO DUNROBIN, BERRIEDALE, OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO WATTEN AND JOHN-O'-GROAT'S.

It was rather tantalizing on leaving Mickle Ferry to know that one could cast a stone across the Kyle of Sutherland, and that one's journey, at any rate for that day, was one mile only as the crow flies, and yet it entailed a ride of over twenty-six miles. We were thankful, after a long and weary tramp, to cross, by the courtesy of the officials, the bridge which spans the Kyle of Sutherland, and so went on to Invershin. A further ride of six miles brought us to the Bonar Bridge Hotel, where there was evidence of the havoc caused by the storm, which had prevented the coaches this year from continuing their journey northward. After putting up for the night at Bonar Bridge, we rode on by the side of the Kyle, the banks of which were richly verdured and covered with foliage almost down to the water's edge. We passed the "Clashmore Inn" about one o'clock the next day. Had we only been able to do as the cyclists had done and crossed by the ferry, we should have saved at least one day's ride.

Skirting Lord Durham's shooting castle at Skibo, we journeyed through a beautifully wooded stretch of country and past Cambusmoor. The picturesque station of The Mound was left behind, and the day's journey came to an end with our arrival at Golspie. We had a most pleasant evening, and one we shall not soon forget, with Sheriff and Mrs. Mackenzie, bosom friends of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The Duchess seems to have won golden favours with her new tenants, judging from the respectful manner in which she is always referred to. The position of the Dunrobin Castle, overlooking the Kyle of Sutherland, and indeed the North Sea, is simply unique. The interior of the house and the private rooms particularly present an air of comfort and luxuriance which is almost incompatible with modern residences. A grand statue of the late Duke of Sutherland is erected in the waiting-yard.

Next morning we did a long stage, first to Brora and then to Helmsdale, destined to be one of the most famous fishing resorts in the kingdom, and where the Duchess of Sutherland recently laid the foundation stone of the harbour. From Helmsdale the road ascends alongside of a veritable mountain ravine, skirting the Ord of Caithness, the boundary between the counties of Sutherland and Caithness. It resembled the De'il's beef tub on the roadfrom Moffat to Crook. It was indeed a lonely spot, and in winter must be very desolate, as was evidenced by

a wayside stone recording the death of a man who perished on the spot from absolute cold and starvation. On the occasion of our ride, however, the road was alive with traffic. Carriages and carts conveying guests and their luggage were being driven to the Duke of Portland's shooting lodge at Langwell. We caught a glimpse of the Duke's party on the lawn near the house, which overlooks a wooded ravine, as we descended the steep hill for nearly a mile, which is overlooked by Langwell, and leads down to the village of Berriedale. I could not help thinking of the irony of fate, and how small a sum the most voracious usurer would have given the present owner of Welbeck twenty-five years ago for his chance of succession to the dukedom. His uncle, though twice married, had daughters, but no son. After all, in all human affairs, who can calculate the odds? Fate upsets the most careful calculation. It is the unexpected which often happens.

It was late at night when we arrived at Dunbeath, a somewhat isolated village with old castellated fabric overlooking the North Sea, the country around being rugged and devoid of foliage and even of heather.

We were up betimes next morning, and heard that our arrival at Wick was awaited by groups of enthusiastic people. I determined to play a ruse, and bethought myself of how my brother, by a little manœuvring, managed to steal a march by avoiding Fort Number One. Accordingly we diverged from the

high road and made over a wild, barren country, where the eye was not able to discover a vestige of habitation, or aught but a boggy, gummy grouse moor, which might from appearances stretch out into perpetuity. After a long and tedious ride we arrived at Watten, alas! to find no hotel, nothing but a ramshackle kind of building, which furnished refreshment to strangers who might drop in, or a few excursionists. The place looked utterly devoid of hospitality, but the landlord and landlady behaved very courteously, consented to receive us, and gave us a good bed and one of the best chickens we had ever eaten. At nine o'clock the next morning we were in the saddle, bound for the last of the many stages that separated us from John-o'-Groat's. For close upon twenty miles the country was of the same barren and unromantic character. We could see no signs of habitation, until at last, on suddenly descending by a steep road, we caught a magnificent view, all in a moment, of Stroma Island, with the whole range of the Orkneys perfectly distinct, Kirkwall, the capital of the group, being situated at the back of the range of hills. Until we reached Huna there were not many signs of habitation; there was a finger-post, however, which indicated that we were approaching the termination of our goal, and the completion of our ride of 1270 miles.

John-o'-Groat's is in England known by name only to the majority of persons. That it is at one end of

the longest possible distance by road we can command is almost as much as is known, without it be its geographical position. John-o'-Groat's, so we must believe, is of fifteenth-century origin. It is stated in Sinclair's statistical account of Scotland (vol. viii., page 167) that in the reign of James IV., King of Scotland (1488-1513), Malcolm, Gavin, and John de Groat—three brothers, supposed to be Hollanders—arrived in Caithness from the south of Scotland, bringing with them a letter written in Latin by that Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. The three brothers, so we are told in "Chambers' Encyclopædia," acquired the lands of Warse and Dungansby. When their descendants had so multiplied that they were eight families, disputes arose as to the presidency at a yearly festival which they were wont to keep. John Groat settled the controversy by building an eight-sided house, with a door and a window in each side, and an eight-sided table within, so that the head of each of the eight families of Groats might enter by his own door and sit at his own head of the table. Whatever credit may be due to this legend, there can be no doubt as to the existence of John Groat. In the year 1496 "John Grot, son of Hugh Grot," had a grant of a penny-land in Dungansby from William, Earl of Caithness. In 1525 "John Grot in Duncansby," as his name is written, chamberlain and bailie of John,

Earl of Caithness, gave seizin to the Trinity Friars of Aberdeen of a yearly payment from the Island of Stroma, in the Pentland Firth. He died soon afterwards, and was succeeded by his son William, or his grandson John. In 1540 there was a payment from the Scottish Treasury of 20*l.* "to John Grote, for freight of his ship sent by the Queen's grace, from St. Andrew's to Orkney, to the King's grace with writings." In 1547 John Grot had a pardon from Queen Mary for helping the Earl of Caithness to storm the Earl of Marichal's castle of Akirgill. About 1741 Malcolm Groat sold his lands in Dungansby, with the ferry-house, to Walter Freswick. The family of Groat still exists; but a small green knoll is all that now remains of John-o'-Groat's house. A remarkable fact in connection with John-o'-Groat's house at the present time consists in a lady, well born and with a large fortune and house in London, alienating herself from her friends, and spending her last eighteen months in complete solitude there.

Upon reaching John-o'-Groat's we were glad to have a peep at the Stack Rocks, which stand out close to the North Sea beach like a couple of Centaurs ready to defy opposition.

This stage must bring my ride to a conclusion, and if the faggots which I have endeavoured to collect prove of interest to my readers, and may induce them to visit some of the most picturesque districts in

England and the Highlands (which only want to be visited to be appreciated), I shall be content in having written the result of very varied experiences on horseback.

# ROUTE OF RIDE AND MILEAGE, WITH NAMES OF HOTELS.

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO LAND'S END, AND THENCE TO JOHN-O'-GROAT'S, 1270 MILES.

| DAYS | | MILES |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Southampton (Dolphin Hotel), *viâ* Redbridge, Totton, Cadnam, the New Forest, Rufus Stone, and Brook, to Fordingbridge (Greyhound Hotel) . . . . . | 25 |
| 2. | Fordingbridge, *viâ* Cranborne, across Cranborne Chase, Sixpenny Handley (a semi-cremated village), Ashmore, Fontmell, Iwerne, and Marnhull, *viâ* Orchard, and by cross-country roads to Stalbridge (Red Lion Hotel) . . | 35 |
| 3. | Stalbridge to Sherborne (Digby Arms Hotel, excellent), joining the coach road from Salisbury to Exeter . . . . . | 7 |
| 4. | Sherborne, *viâ* Yeovil, Crewkerne, Windwhistle Hill, past Axminster (Tytherleigh Arms), (a splendid view over the Taunton Vale away to the Quantock Hills on the right hand) to Honiton (Dolphin Hotel) . . . . . | 35 |
| 5. | Honiton, *viâ* Honiton Clyst to Exeter (Pople's New London Hotel, excellent) . . . . . | 17 |
| 6. | Exeter, *viâ* Exminster, over Haldon Hill to Newton Abbot (Globe Hotel) . . . . . | 18 |
| 7. | Newton Abbot, *viâ* Ashburton, through the Holne Chase and Buckland drives, near the Dart (a detour), *viâ* Buckfastleigh, Ivy Bridge, Plympton to Plymouth (Globe Hotel) . . . | 35 |
| 8. | Plymouth, through Devonport, across the Ferry, and on to Liskeard (Apartments) . . . . | 17½ |

| DAYS | | MILES |
|---|---|---|
| 9. | Liskeard, *viâ* Bodmin Road, Bodmin, and Victoria, to St. Austell | 26 |
| 10. | St. Austell to Truro (Clyma's Hotel) | 15 |
| 11. | Truro, *viâ* Chacewater, Redruth, and Hayle, to Penzance (Station Hotel) | 26 |
| 12. | Penzance to Land's End, *viâ* St. Buryan, and returned to Penzance by Sennen | 12 |
| | Southampton to Land's End | 268½ |
| | Land's End to Penzance | 10 |
| 13. | Penzance, *viâ* Hayle, Redruth, over the moor to Victoria and Bodmin (George Hotel) | 48 |
| 14. | Bodmin, skirting Camelford to Tintagel (Wharncliffe Arms) | 22 |
| 15. | Tintagel, *viâ* Boscastle and Wain House Corner to Bude (Falcon Hotel) | 22 |
| 16. | Bude, *viâ* Stratton, Kilkhampton, Clovelly, to Bideford (New Inn) | 30 |
| 17. | Bideford, *viâ* Instow and Fremington, to Barnstaple (Fortescue Hotel) | 9 |
| 18. | Barnstaple, *viâ* Bratton-Fleming, over Exmoor, past Mole's Chamber, Challacombe, Exford, Timberscombe, and Dunster to Minehead (Feathers Hotel, most excellent). (A most lovely ride.) | 40 |
| 19. | Minehead, *viâ* Williton, St. Andries, Kilve, Holford, Stowey, Bridgwater, Highbridge, to Burnham (Queen's Hotel) | 35 |
| 20. | Burnham, *viâ* Highbridge, South and East Brent, Weare, Cross (the Mendips), Langton, and Dundry, to Bristol (St. Vincent Rocks' Hotel, Clifton, most excellent) | 26 |
| 21. | Bristol, *viâ* Horfield, Almondsbury, Thornbury, Stone, Berkeley Road, over Stinchcombe Hill, a splendid view into seven or eight counties, Dursley (a detour), Witminster to Gloucester (Bell Hotel) | 40 |
| 22. | Gloucester, *viâ* Weston, Ross, to Hereford (City Arms Hotel) | 30 |
| 23. | Hereford, *viâ* Leominster, to Ludlow (Feathers Hotel) | 24 |

| DAYS | | MILES |
|---|---|---|
| 24. | Ludlow, *viâ* Craven Arms, Church-Stretton, to Shrewsbury (George Hotel) . . . . . | 29 |
| 25. | Shrewsbury, *viâ* Ellesmere, Overton, Marchwiel, Wrexham, Gresford, the Rossett, to Chester (Queen's Hotel) . . . . . | 40 |
| 26. | Chester, *viâ* Delamere Forest, Northwich, Altrincham, to Manchester (Queen's Hotel) . | 38½ |
| 27. | Manchester, *viâ* Bolton, Chorley, to Preston (Park Hotel) . . . . . | 31 |
| 28. | Preston, *viâ* Garstang, to Lancaster (County Hotel) | 21 |
| 29. | Lancaster, *viâ* Carnforth and Milnthorpe, to Kendal (King's Arms) . . . . . | 22 |
| 30. | Kendal, *viâ* Staveley to Windermere, Lowood, Ambleside, to Grasmere (Rothay Hotel, most excellent) . . . . . | 18 |
| 31. | Grasmere, *viâ* Wythburn, past Thirlmere Lake, Thirkeld, Mount Grisdale, Yeat Hill (a splendid view) to Carlisle (County Hotel) . | 36 |
| 32. | Carlisle, *viâ* Gretna Green, Ecclefechan, Lockerbie, Beattock, to Moffat (Buccleugh Arms) . . | 41 |
| 33. | Moffat, past "Deil's Beef Tub," *viâ* Crook, to Broughton and Biggar (Elphinstone Hotel) . | 28 |
| 34. | Biggar, *viâ* Newbigging, Carnwarth, Wilson's Town, to Bathgate (Royal Hotel) . . . . . | 26 |
| 35. | Bathgate, *viâ* Linlithgow, Polmont, Falkirk, Bannockburn, to Stirling (Golden Lion Hotel, excellent) . . . . . | 25 |
| 36. | Stirling, *viâ* Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Greenloaning, Muthill, to Crieff (Drummond Arms Hotel) | 22 |
| 37. | Crieff, *viâ* Gilmerton, through the Sma Glen, past Amulree to Dunkeld, thence *viâ* Pitlochry, and Pass of Killiecrankie to Blair Athole (Athole Arms Hotel) . . . . . | 41½ |
| 38. | Blair Athole, *viâ* Struan, Dalnocardoch, Dalnaspidal, to Kingussie (The Hotel) . . . . . | 36 |
| 39. | Kingussie, *viâ* Baldon, past Loch Alvie, Bridge of Garten, past Carbridge, Tomalin, Freeburn, Moy, to Inverness (Caledonian Hotel) . . | 44 |
| 40. | Inverness, *viâ* Beauly, Muir of Ord, to Dingwall (Hotel National) . . . . . | 21 |

| DAYS | | MILES |
|---|---|---|
| 41. | Dingwall, *viâ* Alness, to Tain (Royal Hotel) . . | 26 |
| 42. | Tain, skirting the Kyle of Sutherland to Algay, Invershin, and Bonar Bridge (— Hotel) . . | 23 |
| 43. | Bonar Bridge, past Kyle of Sutherland, *viâ* Clashmore Inn, Cambusmore, The Mound, to Golspie (Sutherland Arms) . . . . . | 22 |
| 44. | Golspie, through Dunrobin grounds, Brora to Hemsdale, Langwell, Berriedale, Dunbeath (Munro Arms) . . . . . | 34 |
| 45. | Dunbeath, *viâ* Lybster, across Moorland to Watten (a wayside inn, but very comfortable) . . | 21 |
| 46. | Watten, over the moor to Canisbay, Huna, and John-o'-Groat's (John-o'-Groat's House) . | 20 |
| From Land's End to John-o'-Groat's . . . . (The distance could have been shortened by thirty miles, if the horses had been able to cross the Dornoch Firth at Mickle Ferry, after leaving Tain.) | | 1,002 |
| From Southampton to Land's End . . . . | | 268 |
| Miles of Tour . . . . . | | 1,270 |

Or an average of 27½ miles per day.

Average time in the saddle a day, six to seven hours.

Time occupied on tour from 30th June to 25th August, 1892, fifty-seven days.

Eleven days' rest being taken *en route*.

Counties traversed : Hants, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Gloucester, Hereford, Salop, Flint, Denbigh, Chester, Lancashire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Dumfries, Lanark, Peebles, Midlothian, Linlithgow, Stirling, Perth, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness.

Average cost per week for two, including feed of horses, £14 per week, but exclusive of horse hire.

The ride might have been shortened by nearly 100 miles, if the direct route had been taken from Land's End to Bristol, also from Gloucester to Preston, *viâ* Worcester, and Crewe, and Warrington.

# INDEX.


A.

Abbey Craig, 102.
Abernethy, 107.
Ahasuerus (my late brother's charger), 56.
Alibi (choice of three), 63.
Allan, bridge of, 98, 103, 104.
Almond, river, 107.
Almondsbury, 57.
Alness, 123.
Altrincham, 67.
Alvie Loch, 110.
Ambleside, 75.
Amulree, 107.
Ancaster, Earl of, 105.
Andermatt, 90.
Anderson, Joe, 34.
Annan, river, 86, 89.
Arbitration suit, 65.
Ardoch, 105.
Arithmetical problem, 84.
Arnold, the late Dr. Thomas, 75.
Ashburton, 18.
Ashby pastures, famous run from, 94.
Aspirate, the, 1.
Assize sermon, 70.
Athelstane, 27, 28.
Auchterarder, 105.
Aviemore, 111.
Axminster, 12.

B.

Badgworthy Water, 38.
Baiæ, 33.
Ballantine, the late Mr. Serjeant, 76.
Bannockburn, 97, 98.
Barnstaple, 44.
Bathgate, painful reminiscences 92, 94.
Bath and Wells, See of, 54.
Beattock, 89.
Beauly, 118, 119, 120.
Bedford (an election in former years), 15.
Beelzebub (my late brother's charger), 56.
Bell, the late Mr. Isaac, 3.
Belvoir, 20.
Bennett, Mr. Gordon, 3.
Bennett, the late Rev. Mr., Vicar of Frome, 53.
Bennett, warder of Exeter prison, 16.
Benson, of Turf fraud celebrity, 103, 116.
Ben Wyvis, 119.
Benzon, Mr. Ernest, 1, 2.
Bere, 11.
Bergen, 94.
Berkeley Road, 57.
Berriedale, 129.
Bicyclist who beat record, 122.
Bideford, 42, 44.
Bigamy, curious cases of, 40, 88.
Biggar, 91.
Birds at Lundy, 43.
Bissett, the late Mr., 4.
Black Mountain, the, 59.
Black Rock, 123.

Blackmore Vale, 8.
Blair Athole, 108.
Blue Anchor, 46.
Boat of Garten, 111.
Bodmin, 17, 21, 32.
Bonar Bridge, 114, 116, 121, 127.
"Bonchurch," 2, 4, 18, 25, 55, 117.
Booth, General, 57.
Brae Head, 91.
Bran, river, 107.
Brendon, Mr., 36.
Brent, 54.
Bridgwater, 53.
Brook, 6.
Brown, Mr., livery stable keeper, Ventnor, 2.
Brown Willy, 32.
Brora, 128.
Broughton, 91.
Bryn-y-Pys, 62.
Bruce, Robert, 97, 9 .
Buchan, Earl of, 96.
Buckland Woods, 18.
Bude, 33, 34, 36, 38.
Burnaby, the late Col. Fred., anecdotes of, vii.—xxiv., 64, 124.
Burnham, 52, 53.

C.

CADNAM, 6.
Caithness, Ord of, 128.
Caldew, river, 80.
Camborne division, 30.
Cambusmoor, 128.
Campbell, the late Lord, 33.
Canonteign, 18.
Caradoc, 61.
Carlisle, 60, 78, 80.
Carlyle, the late Thomas, 24, 86, 88.
Carn Brea, 23.
Carnforth, 75.
Carnwarth, 91.
Carrbridge, 111.
Chacewater, 23.
Charles, Mr. Justice, 32.
Chatsworth, 20.
Cheddar Cliffs, 54.
Chepstow, 59.
Chester, 61, 65, 67.
Chorley, 69.
Church Stretton, 61.
Cintra, 49.
Claimant (Tichborne), 3.
Clarens, 33.
Clarke, Sir Edward, Q.C., anecdotes of, 19, 42, 88.
"Clashmore Inn," 127.
Clifton, 54.
Cloutsham, 46, 48.
Clovelly, 42.
Clydesdale, a thoroughbred, 117, 118.
Cockburn, the late Sir Alexander, 10, 11.
Cockle, 114.
Coleridge, the late Hartley, tomb of, 76.
Collins, Mr. Justice, 55.
Collins, Miss Lottie, 67.
Colvin Fountain, 89.
Cook with a very sensitive nose, 65.
Contract of marriage easily intelligible, 87, 88.
Conybeare, Mr., 30.
Cornish superstitions, 28.
Cornwall Cape, 25.
Corpulency, 3.
Cory, Mrs., 34.
Coulter Fell, 91.
Countersbury, 78.
Cox, Nathaniel, 10.
Craigellachie, 111.
Craig Rossie, 105.
Cranborne Chase, 18.
"Craven Arms," 61.
Crest, a remarkable one, 2.
Crewkerne, 11.
Crieff, 102, 105, 107.
Crook, 91, 128.
Culborne stables, 45, 49.

D.

DALNACARDOCH, 109.
Dalnaspidal, 109.
Dart, River, 18.
Dartmoor, 3, 18, 104.
Dates, a cargo of, 100.
Davitt, Mr. Michael, 104.
Day, Mr. Justice, 83.
Dean, Forest of, 26, 57.
Dee, river, 62, 65, 69.
De'il's Beef-Tub, 90, 128.
Delamere Forest, 66.
Denison, Ven. Archdeacon, 53.
Dent du Midi, 33.
Devil's Bridge, 90.
Devil's Dyke, 90.
Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, anecdotes of, 37, 46, 47.
Diet, 3.
Digby, Mr. Wingfield, M.P., 8.
Dingwall, 120.
Disraeli, Mr. Coningsby, M.P., 67.
Doble, the late Captain N., 29.
Doherty, the late Mr. John Canning, 26.
Donne, the late Rev. Stephen, 62, 64.
Doone Valley, 38.
Dornoch Firth, 125.
Dreams, instances of, 17.
Drummond Castle, 105.
Drumochter, Pass of, 109.
Dulverton, 44.
Dunbeath, 129.
Dunblane, 104.
Dundee, battle of, 109.
Dundry, 54.
Dunkeld, 107, 108.
Dunkerry, 38, 46, 79.
Dunrobin, 128.
Dunster, 45, 52.
Dursley, 58.

E.

EATON stud farm, 66.
Ecclefechan, 86, 88.
Eden, river, 86.
Eight-hours' question, 72.
Ellesmere, 62.
Endsleigh, 19.
Epitaphs, quaint instances of, 29.
Erddig, 62.
Erskine, the late Lord Chancellor, 96.
Esk, river, 86.
Evans, 31.
Exeter, 12—15, 18.
Exford, 44.
Exmoor, 44, 51, 69.

F.

FAIR speculator, 22.
Falkirk, 97.
Falstaff Club, 31.
Faskally, 109.
Findhorn, 111.
Flea, a busy, active one, 93.
Fontmel, 8.
Fordingbridge, 7.
Fort No. I., 113.
Foster, Mr. Campbell, Q.C., 74.
Fox How, 75.
Fraser, Sir William, 6.
Freeburn, 111.
Fremington, 44.

G.

GARRY, river, 108.
Garstang, 73.
Garter King-at-arms, 2.
Gemmi, the, 33.
Glenthorne, 45.
Gloucester, 26, 57, 58.
Glynnde, 17.
Golspie, 128.
Gornergrat, 75.
Grain, Mr., 84.
Grange-over-Sands, 73.
Granite Hill, 23.
Grasmere, 75, 76.
Grayrigg, 75.

Green, the late Mr. (Paddy), 31.
Greenloaning, 105.
Greenwich time, 62.
Gresford, 65.
Gretna Green, 87.
Greville, Lady Violet, 68.

H.

HALDON Hill, 18.
Hammerfest, 94.
Happy Fatherland, sporting representative of, 95.
Harcourt, Sir William, 13.
Hardanger Fjord, 28.
Harry of Exeter, 37.
Hartland Point, 36.
Hawkins, Sir Henry, 84, 125.
Heal, Mr. Arthur, 44.
"Heenan," 56.
Helmsdale, 128.
Helston, 28.
Helvellyn, 78.
Hemans, the late Mrs., 75.
Hereford, 59, 60.
Highbridge, 53.
Hobby drive, 42.
Hole, the Very Rev. S., Dean of Rochester, 38, 39.
Holme-Flat and Steep, 53.
Home Rule, 32, 71.
Honiton, 9, 12, 13.
Horrocks' factory, 72.
Howgill, 75.
Huna, 130.
Hydropathy, science of, 106.

I.

IDENTITY, a case of mistaken, 76.
Instow, 44.
Inverness, experiences, 110, 116.
Invershin, 121, 127.
Iwerne, a stormy political meeting, 8.

J.

JOHN O'GROAT'S, legend of, 130; house, 131.
"Judy," 121.
"Jack," 125.
"Juliet," 25.

K.

KELLY, the late Sir Fitzroy, 100.
Kendal, 75.
Kenealy, the late Dr., 3.
Kerr, of Turf fraud celebrity, 116.
Khiva, ride to, 113, 124.
Kilkhampton, 38.
Killiecrankie, 109.
Kilpatrick Fleming, 87.
Kincraig, 110.
Kingussie, 109, 116, 120.
Kinnaird, the late Lord, 82.
Kirkwall, 130.
Knill, the late Mr., peculiar bequest of, 29.
Knutsford, 67.

L.

LANCASTER, 73.
Land's End, 24, 27, 36.
Langdale Pikes, 75.
Langholm, muckle town of, 87.
Langwell, 129.
Laurence, Mr. Justice, 66.
Ledbury, 60.
Lee, the Babbacombe convict, 16.
Lee, the Romford murderer, 84.
Leman, Lake, 33.
Leominster, 60.
Levelis, the late Mr., 29.
Levis, Mr., 82.
Linlithgow, 94, 96.
Liskeard, 21, 126.
Loch House Tower, 89.
Lockerbie, 86, 88.

Logan Rock, 27.
Longmynd, 61.
Longridge, 92.
Longships Lighthouse, 24.
Lowood, 75.
Lowther, Rt. Hon. James, 78.
Luccombe, 46.
Ludlow, 60, 61.
Lundy Island, 42, 43.
Lyndhurst, 67.
Lynmouth, 49.
Lynshat, 110.
Lynton, 44, 45, 49, 50.
Lyons Station, 70.

M.

MACDONALD, Inspector, 116.
Mackay, the late General, 109.
MacKenzie, Sheriff, 128.
"Malden," 83.
Mallock, Mr., 44.
Malvern Hills, 60.
Mamhead, 18.
Manchester, 66.
Mar, family of, 33.
Marchwiel, 62.
Marham, 5.
Marhamchurch, 34.
Marienbad, 3.
Martigny, 98.
Martin, the late Mr. Baron, 25, 26.
Mathew, Mr. Justice, 65.
Maule, the late Mr. Justice, 40.
Maybrick case, 30.
Mendip Hills, 54.
Michael Krohn, 94.
Mickle Ferry, 125.
Milutin, General, 113.
Milnthorpe, 75.
Minehead, 45, 52.
Moffat, 89, 90, 128.
Mole's Chamber, 44.
Monadliath Mountains, 111.
Monmouth, 26.
Monte Carlo, anecdotes of, 17, 50.
Monte Rosa, 34.
Moody, Mr., 81.
Moray Firth, 119.
Morecambe Bay, 73.
Morwelham, 19.
Mosquitoes and other plagues, 94.
Mound Station, the, 128.
Mount Edgcumbe, 19.
Mount Grisdale, 78.
Moy, 111.
Muir of Ord, 120, 121.
Muthill, 105.

N.

NADAR, my late brother's Tartar servant, 124.
Navicular disease, what is it? 26.
Nero, 34.
Ness, river, 118.
Netherby, burglary and murder of the police, 82, 83.
Newbigging, 91.
New Club, 31.
Niagara, 31.
Nice, 39, 74.
North Cape, Thomas Carlyle's description of, 24.
Northcote, Sir Stafford, M.P., 14, 16.
Northwich, 67.
Norwegian wedding, 28.
Novar, 123.

O.

OBADIAH, my late brother's favourite charger, 56.
Ochill Hills, 97, 98, 103.
Orkneys, the, 130.
Osbaldeston, the late Mr., 38, 94.
Ossian's grave, 107.
Ouchy, 32.
Oxford Broad Walk, 61.

P.

PAULETT, Mr., 55.
Peabody, the late Mr., 74.
Peckwater Quad, 57.
Peel, Mr. Edmund, 62.
Penzance, 23, 29.
"Petechiæ," 30.
Peyton, the late Sir H., 38.
Physicians, anecdotes of, 52, 106.
Pickwick, 35.
Pilatus, 18.
Pitlochry, 108.
Plymouth, 18, 20, 126.
Poland, Mr., Q.C., 85.
Pole, Mr. Chandos, 4.
Political conversations on the roadside, 6.
Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron, 84.
Polmont, 97.
Porlock, 38, 45, 49.
Portland, Duke of, 129.
Portland, convict prison, 104.
Powderham, 18.
Preston, 69, 71.
Princetown, 18, 104.
Prize fight in olden days, 56.
Puffin, parrot bird of Lundy, 43.
Pugaree on Exmoor, 48.
Pulham, "Green Man" at, 8.
"Punch," 2, 4, 25, 55, 115, 116, 119, 122, 125, 126.
Purkis, 6.
Pyramids, 31.

Q.

QUANTOCK Hills, 11, 46, 52.
Quarry Walk, 61.
Queensberry Hills, 88.
Quorn hounds, old engraving of run with the "Snob," 94.

R.

REDCASTLE, 118.
Redruth, 23, 32.
Reporter from *Scotsman*, interviewed by, 125.
Rhone valley, 98, 107.
Ribble, river, 71.
Richards, Mr. J., 28.
Rigi, sunrise on, 70.
Rivington, 70.
"Romeo," 25.
Rose Castle, 80.
Ross, 59.
Rossett, 65.
Rufus Stone, 6.
Russell, The late Rev. J., Parson Jack, 37.
Rydal Water, 75.

S.

ST. ALBAN HEAD, 6.
St. Audries, 53.
St. Austell, 22.
St. Bernard, 107.
St. Buryan, 28, 29, 98.
St. Gothard, 90.
St. Ives, 23, 29, 30.
St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, 78.
St. Michael's Mount, 23.
Salisbury, Bishop of, 104.
——— Cathedral, 6.
Sandhurst, the late Lord, 96.
Sankey, Mr., 81.
Sark, river, 87.
"Sartor resartus," 86.
Sayers, Tom, 56.
Scawfell, 78.
Schiellalion, 108.
Scout, Oxford, his opinion of the modern undergraduate, 57.
Seaton, 11.
Sennen, 24, 27.
Seymour, Mr. Digby, Q.C., 74.
Shanklin, 103.
Sheep straying, peculiar custom in Cumberland, 78.
Sherborne, 9.
Sherbrooke, the late Lord, 115.

Sheriffmuir, 105.
Sherwood, 67.
Shrewsbury, 61.
———— Earl of, 4.
Siloam, pool of, 101.
Simonsbath, 44.
Sixpenny Handley, 8.
Skibo Castle, 126, 128.
Skiddaw, 78, 86.
Skin the Goat, 5.
Sleigh, the late Mr. Sergeant, 77.
Sma' Glen, 107.
Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 116.
Soloman, Mr. Lewis, 14.
Southampton, 4, 5.
Spey, River, 110.
Stalbridge, 8, 9.
Stephen, the Hon. Sir Fitz James, Bart., 30, 79.
Stephenson, Dr., 30.
Stinchcombe Hill, 58, 79.
Stirling, 97, 103.
Stoate, Mr., 46.
Stone, 57.
Strathpeffer, 121.
Stratton, 38.
Strauss, Mr., 30.
Stroma, 130.
Sugar Loaf, 59.
Sutherland, the late Duke and Duchess of, 128.
Sutherland, Kyle of, 127.

T.

TABLEAU, after Paul Veronese, 101.
Table d'Hôte, anecdote of, 100.
Tain, 124.
Tait, the late Archbishop, 81.
Tamar, river, 19, 21, 126.
Tarbat, 123.
Taunton Assizes, 9, 11.
Tay, river, 108.
Teacher, race-horse, 17.
Teme, river, 60, 69.
Tenant-right, 66.
Teufelsdrockh, 89.
Thirkeld, 78.
Thirlmere, 78.
Thoresby, 39.
Thornbury, 57.
Three-Stan-i'-Stanes, 89.
Thristle, Mr. George, 45.
Thurso, 117.
Tidy, The late Dr., 30.
Tilt, river, 109.
Tintagel, 32, 33.
Tintern, 57, 59.
Tintow, 91.
Tomalin, 111.
Totton, 5.
Touchstone, racehorse, 66.
Treen Castle range, 27.
Trout hatchery, 61.
Truro, 22, 23, 32.
Tulloch, 123.
Tummel, river, 109.
Tyndale, monument to, 58.
"Tytherleigh Arms," 11.

U.

ULLESWATER, 78.
"Unknown," the, 110, 113, 115, 116.
Up-hall, 96.

V.

VENICE, anecdote, 101.
Ventnor, 1, 2, 4, 22, 77.
Vevey, 33.
Victoria, Cornwall, 32.
Villebois, the late Mr. H., 5, 38.
Vincents', 34.
Vivian, the late Lord, 17.
Vossevangen, 28.

W.

WAGER, a remarkable one, 76.
Wainhouse Corner, 34.

Wallace's monument, 98, 102.
Watchet, 46.
Waters Meet, 49.
Waterloo, the battlefield of, 102.
——— a ball-room on the eve of, 6.
Watten, 130.
Week St. Mary, 34.
Weller, the late Mr., 63.
Weston, 54.
Westward Ho ! 42.
Whitburn, 92.
Whyte-Melville, 38.
Wick, 129.
Widdecome-in-the-Moor, 18.
Wilberforce, the late Bishop, 112.
Williams, Mr. Michael, M.P., 30.
Wilkinson, The Very Rev. George (late Bishop of Truro), 22.
Williton, 52.
Wilsonstown, 91.
Wimborne, 6.
Windermere, 75.
Wind Whistle Hill, 11.
Witness, the lady who changed her mind, 85.
Wolverton, Lord, 8.
Wordsworth, William, tomb of, 76.
Wrexham, 65.
Wye, River, 59.
Wynd Cliff, 59.
Wynn, the late Sir Watkin, 4.
Wythburn, 78.

Y.

YARD Down, 44.
Yeat Hill, 79.
Yeovil, 9.

Z.

ZERO, 50.

St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane,
London, E.C. 1892.

# Select List of Books in all Departments of Literature

PUBLISHED BY

## Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Ld.

ABBEY and PARSONS, *Quiet Life*, from drawings; motive by Austin Dobson, 31*s.* 6*d.*

ABBOTT, Charles C., *Waste Land Wanderings*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

ABERDEEN, Earl of. See Prime Ministers.

ABNEY, Capt., *Thebes and its Greater Temples*, 40 photos. 63*s.*

—— and CUNNINGHAM, *Pioneers of the Alps*, new ed. 21*s.*

*About in the World.* See Gentle Life Series.

—— *Some Fellows*, from my note-book, by "an Eton boy," 2*s.* 6*d.*; new edit. 1*s.*

ADAMS, Charles K., *Historical Literature*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

ADDISON, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from the "Spectator," 6*s.*

AGASSIZ, Alex., *Three Cruises of the "Blake,"* illust. 2 vols. 42*s.*

ALBERT, Prince. See Bayard Series.

ALCOTT, L. M. *Jo's Boys*, a sequel to "Little Men," 5*s.*

—— *Life, Letters and Journals*, by Ednah D. Cheney, 6*s.*

—— *Lulu's Library*, a story for girls, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Proverb Stories*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

ALCOTT, L. M., *Recollections of my Childhood's Days*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Silver Pitchers*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Spinning-wheel Stories*, 5*s.*

—— See also Low's Standard Series and Rose Library.

ALDAM, W. H., *Flies and Fly-making*, with actual specimens on cardboard, 63*s.*

ALDEN, W. L. See Low's Standard Series.

ALFORD, Lady Marian, *Needlework as Art*, 21*s.*; l. p. 84*s.*

ALGER, J. G., *Englishmen in the French Revolution*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Amateur Angler in Dove Dale*, a three weeks' holiday, by E. M. 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* and 5*s.*

ANDERSEN, H. C., *Fairy Tales*, illust. in colour by E. V. B. 25*s.*, new edit. 5*s.*

—— *Fairy Tales*, illust. by Scandinavian artists, 6*s.*

ANDERSON, W., *Pictorial Arts of Japan*, 4 parts, 168*s.*; artist's proofs, 252*s.*

ANDRES, *Varnishes, Lacquers, Siccatives, & Sealing-wax*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

*Angler's strange Experiences*, by Cotswold Isys, new edit., 3*s.* 6*d.*

ANNESLEY, C., *Standard Opera Glass*, the plots of eighty operas, 3rd edit., 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Annual American Catalogue of Books*, 1886-89, each 10*s.* 6*d.*, half morocco, 14*s.*

—— 1890, cloth, 15*s.*, half morocco, cloth sides, 18*s.*

*Antipodean Notes;* a nine months' tour, by Wanderer, 7*s.* 6*d.*

APPLETON, *European Guide*, new edit., 2 parts, 10*s.* each.

ARCHER, W., *English Dramatists of To-day*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

ARLOT'S *Coach Painting*, from the French by A. A. Fesquet, 6*s.*

ARMYTAGE, Hon. Mrs., *Wars of Queen Victoria's Reign*, 5*s.*

ARNOLD, E., *Birthday Book;* by Kath. L. and Constance Arnold, 4*s.* 6*d.*

—— E. L. L., *Summer Holiday in Scandinavia*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *On the Indian Hills, Coffee Planting, &c.*, 2 vols. 24*s.*

—— R., *Ammonia and Ammonium Compounds*, illust. 5*s.*

*Artistic Japan*, text, woodcuts, and coloured plates, vols. I.-VI., 15*s.* each.

ASBJÖRNSEN, P. C., *Round the Yule Log*, 7*s.* 6*d.*; new edit. 5*s.*

ASHE, R. P., *Two Kings of Uganda;* six years in Eastern Equatorial Africa, 6*s.*; new edit. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Uganda, England's latest Charge*, stiff cover, 1*s.*

ASHTON, F. T., *Designing fancy Cotton and Woollen Cloths*, illust. 5*0s.*

ATCHISON, C. C., *Winter Cruise in Summer Seas;* "how I found" health, 16*s.*

ATKINSON, J. B. *Overbeck.* See Great Artists.

ATTWELL, *Italian Masters*, especially in the National Gallery, 3*s.* 6*d.*

AUDSLEY, G. A., *Chromolithography*, 44 coloured plates and text, 63*s.*

—— *Ornamental Arts of Japan*, 2 vols. morocco, 23*l.* 2*s.*; four parts, 15*l.* 15*s.*

—— W. and G. A., *Ornament in all Styles*, 31*s.* 6*d.*

AUERBACH, B., *Brigitta* (B. Tauchnitz), 2*s.*; sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— *On the Height* (B. Tauchnitz), 3 vols. 6*s.*; sewed, 4*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Spinoza* (B. Tauchnitz), 2 vols. 4*s.*

AUSTRALIA. See F. Countries.

AUSTRIA. See F. Countries.

*Autumn Cruise in the Ægean*, by one of the party. See "Fitzpatrick."

BACH. See Great Musicians.

BACON. See English Philosophers.

—— Delia, *Biography*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BADDELEY, W. St. Clair, *Love's Vintage;* sonnets and lyrics, 5*s.*

—— *Tchay and Chianti*, a short visit to Russia and Finland, 5*s.*

—— *Travel-tide*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

BAKER, James, *John Westacott*, new edit. 6*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*

BALDWIN, J., *Story of Siegfried*, illust. 6*s.*

—— *Story of Roland*, illust. 6*s.*

—— *Story of the Golden Age*, illust. 6*s.*

—— J. D., *Ancient America*, illust. 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Ballad Stories.* See Bayard Series.

*Ballads of the Cid*, edited by Rev. Gerrard Lewis. 3*s.* 6*d.*

BALLANTYNE, T., *Essays.* See Bayard Series.

BALLIN, Ada S., *Science of Dress*, illust. 6*s*.

BAMFORD, A. J., *Turbans and Tails*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

BANCROFT, G., *History of America*, new edit. 6 vols. 73*s*. 6*d*.

*Barbizon Painters*, by J. W. Mollett—I. Millet, T. Rousseau, and Diaz, 3*s*. 6*d*. II. Corot, Daubigny and Dupré, 3*s*. 6*d*.; the two in one vol. 7*s*. 6*d*.

BARING-GOULD. See Foreign Countries.

BARLOW, A., *Weaving*, new edit. 25*s*.

—— P. W., *Kaipara, New Z.*, 6*s*.

—— W., *Matter and Force*, 12*s*.

BARRETT. See Gr. Musicians.

BARROW, J., *Mountain Ascents*, new edit. 5*s*.

BASSETT, *Legends of the Sea*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

BATHGATE, A., *Waitaruna, New Zealand*, 5*s*.

*Bayard Series*, edited by the late J. Hain Friswell; flexible cloth extra, 2*s*. 6*d*. each.

Chevalier Bayard, by Berville.
De Joinville, St. Louis.
Essays of Cowley.
Abdallah, by Laboullaye.
Table-Talk of Napoleon.
Vathek, by Beckford.
Cavalier and Puritan Songs.
Words of Wellington.
Johnson's Rasselas.
Hazlitt's Round Table.
Browne's Religio Medici.
Ballad Stories of the Affections, by Robert Buchanan.
Coleridge's Christabel, &c.
Chesterfield's Letters.
Essays in Mosaic, by T. Ballantyne.
My Uncle Toby.
Rochefoucauld, Reflections.
Socrates, Memoirs from Xenophon.
Prince Albert's Precepts.

BEACONSFIELD, *Public Life*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— See also Prime Ministers.

BEAUGRAND, *Young Naturalists*, new edit. 5*s*.

BECKER, A.L., *First German Book*, 1*s*.; *Exercises*, 1*s*.; *Key to both*, 2*s*. 6*d*.; *German Idioms*, 1*s*. 6*d*.

BECKFORD. See Bayard Series.

BEECHER, H. W., *Biography*, new edit. 10*s*. 6*d*.

BEETHOVEN. See Great Musicians.

BEHNKE, E., *Child's Voice*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

BELL, *Obeah, Witchcraft in the West Indies*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

BELLENGER & WITCOMB'S *French and English Conversations*, new edit. Paris, bds. 2*s*.

BENJAMIN, *Atlantic Islands as health, &c., resorts*. 16*s*.

BERLIOZ. See Gr. Musicians.

BERVILLE. See Bayard Series.

BIART, *Young Naturalist*, new edit. 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Involuntary Voyage*, 7*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*.

—— *Two Friends*, translated by Mary de Hauteville, 7*s*. 6*d*.

See also Low's Standard Books.

BICKERSTETH, Ashley, B.A., *Outlines of Roman History*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

—— E. H., Exon., *Clergyman in his Home*, 1*s*.

—— *From Year to Year*, original poetical pieces, morocco or calf, 10*s*. 6*d*.; padded roan, 6*s*.; roan, 5*s*.; cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Hymnal Companion*, full lists post free.

—— *Master's Home Call*, new edit. 1*s*.

—— *Octave of Hymns*, sewn, 3*d*., with music, 1*s*.

BICKERSTETH, E. H., Exon., *Reef, Parables*, &c., illust. 7*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Shadowed Home*, n. ed. 5*s.*

BIGELOW, JOHN, *France and the Confederate Navy*, an international episode, 7*s.* 6*d.*

BILBROUGH, *'Twixt France and Spain*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

BILLROTH, *Care of the Sick*, 6*s.*

BIRD, F. J., *Dyer's Companion*, 42*s.*

—— F. S., *Land of Dykes and Windmills*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— H. E., *Chess Practice*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

BISHOP. See Nursing Record Series.

BLACK, ROBERT, *Horse Racing in France*, 14*s.*

—— W., *Donald Ross of Heimra*, 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

—— Novels, new and uniform edition in monthly vols. 2*s.* 6*d.* ea.

—— See Low's Standard Novels.

BLACKBURN, C. F., *Catalogue Titles, Index Entries, &c.* 14*s.*

—— H., *Art in the Mountains*, new edit. 5*s.*

—— *Artists and Arabs*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Breton Folk*, new issue, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Harz Mountains*, 12*s.*

—— *Normandy Picturesque*, 16*s.*

—— *Pyrenees*, illust. by Gustave Doré, new edit. 7*s.* 6*d.*

BLACKMORE, R. D., *Georgics*, 4*s.* 6*d.*; cheap edit. 1*s.*

—— *Lorna Doone, édit. de luxe*, 35*s.*, 31*s.* 6*d.* & 21*s.*

—— *Lorna Doone*, illust. by W. Small, 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Springhaven*, illust. 12*s.*; new edit. 7*s.* 6*d.* & 6*s.*

—— See also Low's Standard Novels.

BLAIKIE, *How to get Strong*, new edit. 5*s.*

—— *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

BLOOMFIELD. See Choice Editions.

*Bobby, a Story*, by Vesper, 1*s.*

BOCK, *Head Hunters of Borneo*, 36*s.*

—— *Temples & Elephants*, 21*s.*

BONAPARTE, MAD. PATTERSON, *Life*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BONWICK, JAMES, *Colonial Days*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Colonies*, 1*s.* ea.; 1 vol. 5*s.*

—— *Daily Life of the Tasmanians*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *First Twenty Years of Australia*, 5*s.*

—— *Last of the Tasmanians*, 16*s.*

—— *Port Philip*, 21*s.*

—— *Lost Tasmanian Race*, 4*s.*

BOSANQUET, C., *Blossoms from the King's Garden*, 6*s.*

—— *Jehoshaphat*, 1*s.*

—— *Lenten Meditations*, I. 1*s.* 6*d.*; II. 2*s.*

—— *Tender Grass for Lambs*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

BOULTON, *N. W. Rebellions*, Canadian life, 9*s.*

BOURKE, *On the Border with Crook*, illust., roy. 8vo, 21*s.*

—— *Snake Dance of Arizona*, 21*s.*

BOUSSENARD. See Low's Standard Books.

BOWEN, F., *Modern Philosophy*, new ed. 16*s.*

BOWER. See English Philosophers.

—— *Law of Electric Lighting*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

BOYESEN, H. H., *Against Heavy Odds*, 5*s.*

—— *History of Norway*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

BOYESEN, *Modern Vikings*, 6*s*.
*Boy's Froissart, King Arthur, Mabinogian, Percy*, see "Lanier."
BRADSHAW, *New Zealand as it is*, 12*s*. 6*d*.
—— *New Zealand of To-day*, 14*s*.
BRANNT, *Fats and Oils*, 35*s*.
—— *Soap and Candles*, 35*s*.
—— *Vinegar, Acetates*, 25*s*.
—— *Distillation of Alcohol*, 12*s*. 6*d*.
—— *Metal Worker's Receipts*, 12*s*. 6*d*.
—— *Metallic Alloys*, 12*s*. 6*d*.
—— and WAHL, *Technno-Chemical Receipt Book*, 10*s*. 6*d*.
BRASSEY, LADY, *Tahiti*, 21*s*.
BRÉMONT. See Low's Standard Novels.
BRETON, JULES, *Life of an Artist*, an autobiography, 7*s*. 6*d*.
BRISSE, *Menus and Recipes*, new edit. 5*s*.
*Britons in Brittany*, by G. H. F. 2*s*. 6*d*.
BROCK-ARNOLD. See Great Artists.
BROOKS, NOAH, *Boy Settlers*, 6*s*.
BROWN, A. J., *Rejected of Men*, 3*s*. 6*d*.
—— A. S. *Madeira and Canary Islands for Invalids*, 2*s*. 6*d*.
—— *Northern Atlantic*, for travellers, 4*s*. 6*d*.
—— ROBERT. See Low's Standard Novels.
BROWNE, LENNOX, and BEHNKE, *Voice, Song, & Speech*, 15*s*.; new edit. 5*s*.
—— *Voice Use*, 3*s*. 6*d*.
—— SIR T. See Bayard Series.
BRYCE, G., *Manitoba*, 7*s*. 6*d*.
—— *Short History of the Canadian People*, 7*s*. 6*d*.
BUCHANAN, R. See Bayard Series.
BULKELEY, OWEN T., *Lesser Antilles*, 2*s*. 6*d*.
BUNYAN. See Low's Standard Series.
BURDETT-COUTTS, *Brookfield Stud*, 5*s*.
BURGOYNE, *Operations in Egypt*, 5*s*.
BURNABY, F. See Low's Standard Library.
—— MRS., *High Alps in Winter*, 14*s*.
BURNLEY, JAMES, *History of Wool*, 21*s*.
BUTLER, COL. SIR W. F., *Campaign of the Cataracts*, 18*s*.
—— *Red Cloud*, 7*s*. 6*d*. & 5*s*.
—— See also Low's Standard Books.
BUXTON, ETHEL M. WILMOT, *Wee Folk*, 5*s*.
—— See also Illust Text Books.
BYNNER. See Low's Standard Novels.
CABLE, G. W., *Bonaventure*, 5*s*.
CADOGAN, LADY A., *Drawing-room Comedies*, illust. 10*s*. 6*d*., acting edit. 6*d*.
—— *Illustrated Games of Patience*, col. diagrams, 12*s*. 6*d*.
—— *New Games of Patience*, with coloured diagrams, 12*s*. 6*d*.
CAHUN. See Low's Standard Books.
CALDECOTT, RANDOLPH, *Memoir*, by H. Blackburn, new edit. 7*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*.
—— *Sketches*, pict. bds. 2*s*. 6*d*.
CALL, ANNIE PAYSON, *Power through Repose*, 3*s*. 6*d*.
CALLAN, H., M.A., *Wanderings on Wheel and Foot through Europe*, 1*s*. 6*d*.
*Cambridge Trifles*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

*Cambridge Staircase*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

CAMPBELL, Lady Colin, *Book of the Running Brook*, 5*s.*

—— T. See Choice Editions.

CANTERBURY, Archbishop. See Preachers.

CARLETON, Will, *City Ballads*, illust. 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *City Legends*, ill. 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Farm Festivals*, ill. 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— See also Rose Library.

CARLYLE, *Irish Journey in* 1849, 7*s.* 6*d.*

CARNEGIE, Andrew, *American Four-in-hand in Britain*, 10*s.* 6*d.*; also 1*s.*

—— *Round the World*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Triumphant Democracy*, 6*s.*; new edit. 1*s.* 6*d.*; paper, 1*s.*

CAROVÉ, *Story without an End*, illust. by E. V. B., 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Celebrated Racehorses*, 4 vols. 12*6s.*

CÉLIÈRE. See Low's Standard Books.

*Changed Cross, &c.*, poems, 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Chant-book Companion to the Common Prayer*, 2*s.*; organ ed. 4*s.*

CHAPIN, *Mountaineering in Colorado*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

CHAPLIN, J. G., *Bookkeeping*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

CHATTOCK, *Notes on Etching* new edit. 10*s.* 6*d.*

CHERUBINI. See Great Musicians.

CHESTERFIELD. See Bayard Series.

*Choice Editions of choice books*, illustrated by C. W. Cope, R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., E. Duncan, Birket Foster, J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., G. Hicks, R. Redgrave, R.A., C. Stonehouse, F. Tayler, G. Thomas, H. G. Townsend, E. H. Wehnert, Harrison Weir, &c., cloth extra gilt, gilt edges, 2*s.* 6*d.* each; re-issue, 1*s.* each.

Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.
Keats' Eve of St. Agnes.
Milton's Allegro.
Poetry of Nature, by H. Weir.
Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Elizabethan Songs and Sonnets.
Tennyson's May Queen.
Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

CHREIMAN, *Physical Culture of Women*, 1*s.*

CLARK, A., *A Dark Place of the Earth*, 6*s.*

—— Mrs. K. M., *Southern Cross Fairy Tale*, 5*s.*

CLARKE, C. C., *Writers, and Letters*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— Percy, *Three Diggers*, 6*s.*

—— *Valley Council*; from T. Bateman's Journal, 6*s.*

*Classified Catalogue of English-printed Educational Works*, 3rd edit. 6*s.*

*Claude le Lorrain.* See Great Artists.

CLOUGH, A. H., *Plutarch's Lives*, one vol. 18*s.*

COLERIDGE, C. R., *English Squire*, 6*s.*

—— S. T. See Choice Editions and Bayard Series.

COLLINGWOOD, H. See Low's Standard Books.

COLLINSON, Adm. Sir R., *H.M.S. Enterprise in Search of Franklin*, 14*s.*

CONDER, J., *Flowers of Japan; Decoration*, coloured Japanese Plates, 42*s.* nett.

CORREGGIO. See Great Artists.
COWLEY. See Bayard Series.
COX, DAVID. See Great Artists.
COZZENS, F., *American Yachts*, pfs. 21*l.*; art. pfs. 31*l.* 10*s.*
—— See also Low's Standard Books.
CRADDOCK. See Low's Standard Novels.
CREW, B. J., *Petroleum*, 21*s.*
CRISTIANI, R. S., *Soap and Candles*, 42*s.*
—— *Perfumery*, 25*s.*
CROKER, MRS. B. M. See Low's Standard Novels.
CROUCH, A. P., *Glimpses of Feverland* (West Africa), 6*s.*
—— *On a Surf-bound Coast*, 7*s.* 6*d.*; new edit. 5*s.*
CRUIKSHANK G. See Great Artists.
CUDWORTH, W., *Abraham Sharp*, 26*s.*
CUMBERLAND, STUART, *Thought-reader's Thoughts*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— See also Low's Standard Novels.
CUNDALL, F. See Great Artists.
—— J., *Shakespeare*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* and 2*s.*
CURTIN, J., *Myths of the Russians*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
CURTIS, C. B., *Velazquez and Murillo*, with etchings, 31*s.* 6*d.* and 63*s.*
CUSHING, W., *Anonyms*, 2 vols. 52*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Initials and Pseudonyms*, 25*s*; ser. II., 21*s.*
CUTCLIFFE, H. C., *Trout Fishing*, new edit. 3*s.* 6*d.*
DALY, MRS. D., *Digging, Squatting, &c., in N. S. Australia*, 12*s.*
D'ANVERS, N., *Architecture and Sculpture*, new edit. 5*s.*
—— *Elementary Art, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting*, new edit. 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Elementary History of Music*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Painting*, by F. Cundall, 6*s.*
DAUDET, A., *My Brother Jack*, 7*s.* 6*d.*; also 5*s.*
—— *Port Tarascon*, by H. James, 7*s.* 6*d.*; new edit. 5*s.*
DAVIES, C., *Modern Whist*, 4*s.*
DAVIS, C. T., *Bricks, Tiles, &c.*, new edit. 25*s.*
—— *Manufacture of Leather*, 52*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Manufacture of Paper*, 28*s.*
—— *Steam Boiler Incrustation*, 8*s.* 6*d.*
—— G. B., *International Law*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
DAWIDOWSKY, *Glue, Gelatine, &c.*, 12*s.* 6*d.*
*Day of my Life*, by an Eton boy, new edit. 2*s.* 6*d.*; also 1*s*
DE JOINVILLE. See Bayard Series.
DE LEON, EDWIN, *Under the Stars and Under the Crescent*, 2 vols. 12*s.*; new edit. 6*s.*
DELLA ROBBIA. See Great Artists.
*Denmark and Iceland.* See Foreign Countries.
DENNETT, R. E., *Seven Years among the Fjort*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
DERRY (Bishop of). See Preachers.
DE WINT. See Great Artists.
DIGGLE, J. W., *Bishop Fraser's Lancashire Life*, new edit. 12*s.* 6*d.*; popular ed. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Sermons for Daily Life*, 5*s*

DOBSON, AUSTIN, *Hogarth*, with a bibliography, &c., of prints, illust. 24*s.*; I. paper 52*s.* 6*d.*

—— See also Great Artists.

DODGE, MRS., *Hans Brinker, the Silver Skates*, new edit. 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*.. 2*s.* 6*d.*; text only, 1*s.*

DONKIN, J. G., *Trooper and Redskin*; N. W. mounted police, Canada, 8*s.* 6*d.*

DONNELLY, IGNATIUS, *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*, new edit. 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Cæsar's Column*, authorized edition, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Doctor Huguet*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Great Cryptogram*, Bacon's Cipher in Shakespeare, 2 vols. 30*s.*

—— *Ragnarok: the Age of Fire and Gravel*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

DORÉ, GUSTAVE, *Life and Reminiscences*, by Blanche Roosevelt, fully illust. 24*s.*

DOS PASSOS, J. R., *Law of Stockbrokers and Stock Exchanges*, 35*s.*

DOUDNEY, SARAH, *Godiva Durleigh*, 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

DOUGALL, J. D., *Shooting Appliances, Practice, &c.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*; new edit. 7*s.* 6*d.*

DOUGHTY, H. M., *Friesland Meres and the Netherlands*, new edit. illust. 10*s.* 6*d.*

DOVETON, F. B., *Poems and Snatches of Songs*, 5*s.*; new edit. 3*s.* 6*d.*

DU CHAILLU, PAUL. See Low's Standard Books.

DUNCKLEY ("Verax.") See Prime Ministers.

DUNDERDALE, GEORGE, *Prairie and Bush*, 6*s.*

*Dürer.* See Great Artists.

DYKES, J. OSWALD. See Preachers.

*Echoes from the Heart*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

EDEN, C. H. See Foreign Countries.

EDMONDS, C., *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, new edit. 7*s.* 6*d.* and 21*s.*

*Educational Catalogue.* See Classified Catalogue.

EDWARDS, *American Steam Engineer*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Modern Locomotive Engines*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Steam Engineer's Guide*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— H. SUTHERLAND. See Great Musicians.

—— M. B., *Dream of Millions, &c.*, 1*s.*

—— See Low's Standard Novels.

EGGLESTON, G. CARY, *Juggernaut*, 6*s.*

*Egypt.* See Foreign Countries.

*Elizabethan Songs.* See Choice Editions.

EMERSON, DR. P. H., *East Coast Yarns*, 1*s.*

—— *English Idylls*, new ed. 2*s.*

—— *Naturalistic Photography*, new edit. 5*s.*

—— *Pictures of East Anglian Life*; plates and vignettes, 105*s.* and 147*s.*

—— and GOODALL, *Life on the Norfolk Broads*, plates, 126*s.* and 210*s.*

—— *Wild Life on a Tidal Water*, copper plates, ord. edit. 25*s.*; *édit. de luxe*, 63*s.*

—— R. W., by G. W. COOKE, 8*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Birthday Book*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *In Concord*, a memoir, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*English Catalogue*, 1863-71, 42*s.*; 1872-80, 42*s.*; 1881-9, 52*s.* 6*d.*; 5*s.* yearly.

*English Catalogue, Index vol.* 1837-56, 26*s.*; 1856-76, 42*s.*; 1874-80, 18*s.*

—— *Etchings*, vol. v. 45*s.*; vi., 25*s.*; vii., 25*s.*; viii., 42*s.*

*English Philosophers*, edited by E. B. Ivan Müller, M.A., 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
Bacon, by Fowler.
Hamilton, by Monck.
Hartley and James Mill, by Bower.
Shaftesbury & Hutcheson; Fowler.
Adam Smith, by J. A. Farrer.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. See Low's Standard Books.

ERICHSON, *Life*, by W. C. Church, 2 vols. 24*s.*

ESMARCH, F., *Handbook of Surgery*, 24*s.*

*Essays on English Writers.* See Gentle Life Series.

EVANS, G. E., *Repentance of Magdalene Despar, &c.*, poems, 5*s.*

—— S. & F., *Upper Ten, a story*, 1*s.*

—— W. E., *Songs of the Birds*, n. ed. 6*s.*

EVELYN, J., *An Inca Queen*, 5*s.*

—— John, *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

EVES, C. W., *West Indies*, n. ed. 7*s.* 6*d.*

FAIRBAIRN, A. M. See Preachers.

*Familiar Words.* See Gentle Life Series.

FARINI, G. A., *Kalahari Desert*, 21*s.*

FARRAR, C. S., *History of Sculpture, &c.*, 6*s.*

—— Maurice, *Minnesota*, 6*s.*

FAURIEL, *Last Days of the Consulate*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

FAY, T., *Three Germanys*, 2 vols. 35*s.*

FEILDEN, H. St. J., *Some Public Schools*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— Mrs., *My African Home*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

FENN, G. Manville. See Low's Standard Books.

FENNELL, J. G., *Book of the Roach*, n. ed. 2*s.*

FFORDE, B., *Subaltern, Policeman, and the Little Girl.* 1*s.*

—— *Trotter, a Poona Mystery*, 1*s.*

FIELD, Maunsell B., *Memories*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

FIELDS, James T., *Memoirs*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Yesterdays with Authors*, 16*s.*; also 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Figure Painters of Holland.* See Great Artists.

FINCK, Henry T., *Pacific Coast Scenic Tour*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

FITCH, Lucy. See Nursing Record Series, 1*s.*

FITZGERALD. See Foreign Countries.

—— Percy, *Book Fancier*, 5*s.* and 12*s.* 6*d.*

FITZPATRICK, T., *Autumn Cruise in the Ægean*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Transatlantic Holiday*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

FLEMING, S., *England and Canada*, 6*s.*

*Foreign Countries and British Colonies*, descriptive handbooks edited by F. S. Pulling, M.A. Each volume is the work of a writer who has special acquaintance with the subject, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Australia, by Fitzgerald.
Austria-Hungary, by Kay.
Denmark and Iceland, by E. C. Otté.
Egypt, by S. L. Poole.
France, by Miss Roberts.
Germany, by L. Sergeant.
Greece, by S. Baring Gould.

*Foreign Countries, &c.—cont.*
Japan, by Mossman.
Peru, by R. Markham.
Russia, by Morfill.
Spain, by Webster.
Sweden and Norway, by Woods.
West Indies, by C. H. Eden.

FOREMAN, J., *Philippine Islands*, 21*s.*

FOTHERINGHAM, L. M., *Nyassaland*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

FOWLER, *Japan, China, and India*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

FRA ANGELICO. See Great Artists.

FRA BARTOLOMMEO, ALBERTINELLI, and ANDREA DEL SARTO. See Great Artists.

FRANC, MAUD JEANNE, *Beatrice Melton*, 4*s.*

—— *Emily's Choice*, n. ed. 5*s.*

—— *Golden Gifts*, 4*s.*

—— *Hall's Vineyard*, 4*s.*

—— *Into the Light*, 4*s.*

—— *John's Wife*, 4*s.*

—— *Little Mercy; for better, for worse*, 4*s.*

—— *Marian, a Tale*, n. ed. 5*s.*

—— *Master of Ralston*, 4*s.*

—— *Minnie's Mission, a Temperance Tale*, 4*s.*

—— *No longer a Child*, 4*s.*

—— *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters, a Tale*, 4*s.*

—— *Two Sides to Every Question*, 4*s.*

—— *Vermont Vale*, 5*s.*

*A plainer edition is published at* 2*s.* 6*d.*

*France.* See Foreign Countries.

FRANCIS, F., *War, Waves, and Wanderings*, 2 vols. 24*s.*

—— See also Low's Standard Series.

*Frank's Ranche; or, My Holiday in the Rockies*, n. ed. 5*s.*

FRANKEL, JULIUS, *Starch Glucose, &c.*, 18*s.*

FRASER, BISHOP, *Lancashire Life*, n. ed. 12*s.* 6*d.*; popular ed. 3*s.* 6*d.*

FREEMAN, J., *Melbourne Life, lights and shadows*, 6*s.*

FRENCH, F., *Home Fairies and Heart Flowers*, illust. 24*s.*

*French and English Birthday Book*, by Kate D. Clark, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*French Revolution, Letters from Paris*, translated, 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Fresh Woods and Pastures New*, by the Author of "An Angler's Days," 5*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.*

FRIEZE, *Duprè, Florentine Sculptor*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

FRISWELL, J. H. See Gentle Life Series.

*Froissart for Boys*, by Lanier, new ed. 7*s.* 6*d.*

FROUDE, J. A. See Prime Ministers.

*Gainsborough and Constable.* See Great Artists.

GASPARIN, *Sunny Fields and Shady Woods*, 6*s.*

GEFFCKEN, *British Empire*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Generation of Judges*, n. e. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Gentle Life Series*, edited by J. Hain Friswell, sm. 8vo. 6*s.* per vol.; calf extra, 10*s.* 6*d.* ea.; 16mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*, except when price is given.
Gentle Life.
About in the World.
Like unto Christ.
Familiar Words, 6*s.*; also 3*s.* 6*d.*
Montaigne's Essays.
Sidney's Arcadia, 6*s.*
Gentle Life, second series.
*Varia*; readings, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Silent hour; essays.
Half-length Portraits
Essays on English Writers.
Other People's Windows, 6*s.* & 2*s.* 6*d.*
A Man's Thoughts.

*George Eliot*, by G. W. Cooke, 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Germany.* See Foreign Countries.

GESSI, Romolo Pasha, *Seven Years in the Soudan*, 18*s.*

GHIBERTI & DONATELLO. See Great Artists.

GILES, E., *Australia Twice Traversed*, 1872-76, 2 vols. 30*s.*

GILL, J. See Low's Readers.

GILLESPIE, W. M., *Surveying*, n. ed. 21*s.*

*Giotto*, by Harry Quilter, illust. 15*s.*

—— See also Great Artists.

GIRDLESTONE, C., *Private Devotions*, 2*s.*

GLADSTONE. See Prime Ministers.

GLENELG, P., *Devil and the Doctor*, 1*s.*

GLOVER, R., *Light of the World*, n. ed., 2*s.* 6*d.*

GLÜCK. See Great Musicians.

*Goethe's Faustus*, in orig. rhyme, by Huth, 5*s.*

—— *Prosa*, by C. A. Buchheim (Low's German Series), 3*s.* 6*d.*

GOLDSMITH, O., *She Stoops to Conquer*, by Austin Dobson, illust by E. A. Abbey, 84*s.*

—— See also Choice Editions.

GOOCH, Fanny C., *Mexicans*, 16*s.*

GOODALL, *Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads*, 126*s.* and 210*s.*

—— &EMERSON, *Pictures of East Anglian Life*, £5 5*s.* and £7 7*s.*

GOODMAN, E. J., *The Best Tour in Norway*, 6*s.*

—— N. & A., *Fen Skating*, 5*s.*

GOODYEAR, W. H., *Grammar of the Lotus, Ornament and Sun Worship*, 63*s.* nett.

GORDON, J. E. H., *Physical Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism.* 3rd ed. 2 vols. 42*s.*

—— *Electric Lighting*, 18*s.*

—— *School Electricity*, 5*s.*

—— Mrs. J. E. H., *Decorative Electricity*, illust. 12*s.*

GOWER, Lord Ronald, *Handbook to the Art Galleries of Belgium and Holland*, 5*s.*

—— *Northbrook Gallery*, 63*s.* and 105*s.*

—— *Portraits at Castle Howard.* 2 vols. 126*s.*

—— See also Great Artists.

GRAESSI, *Italian Dictionary*, 3*s.* 6*d.*; roan, 5*s.*

GRAY, T. See Choice Eds.

*Great Artists, Biographies*, illustrated, emblematical binding, 3*s.* 6*d.* per vol. except where the price is given.

Barbizon School, 2 vols.
Claude le Lorrain.
Correggio, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Cox and De Wint.
George Cruikshank.
Della Robbia and Cellini, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Albrecht Dürer.
Figure Paintings of Holland.
Fra Angelico, Masaccio, &c.
Fra Bartolommeo, &c.
Gainsborough and Constable.
Ghiberti and Donatello, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Giotto, by H. Quilter, 15*s.*
Hogarth, by A. Dobson.
Hans Holbein.
Landscape Painters of Holland.
Landseer.
Leonardo da Vinci.
Little Masters of Germany, by Scott; *éd. de luxe*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Mantegna and Francia.
Meissonier, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Michelangelo.
Mulready.
Murillo, by Minor, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Overbeck.
Raphael.

*Great Artists—continued.*
Rembrandt.
Reynolds.
Romney and Lawrence, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Rubens, by Kett.
Tintoretto, by Osler.
Titian, by Heath.
Turner, by Monkhouse.
Vandyck and Hals.
Velasquez.
Vernet & Delaroche.
Watteau, by Mollett, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Wilkie, by Mollett.

*Great Musicians*, edited by F. Hueffer. A series of biographies, 3*s.* each:—
Bach, by Poole.
Beethoven.
*Berlioz.
Cherubini.
English Church Composers.
*Glück.
Handel.
Haydn.
*Marcello.
Mendelssohn.
Mozart.
*Palestrina and the Roman School.
Purcell.
Rossini and Modern Italian School.
Schubert.
Schumann.
Richard Wagner.
Weber.

* *Are not yet published.*

*Greece.* See Foreign Countries.

GRIEB, *German Dictionary*, n. ed. 2 vols. 21*s.*

GRIMM, H., *Literature*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

GROHMANN, *Camps in the Rockies*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

GROVES, J. PERCY. See Low's Standard Books.

GUIZOT, *History of England*, illust. 3 vols. re-issue at 10*s.* 6*d.* per vol.

—— *History of France*, illust. re-issue, 8 vols. 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

—— Abridged by G. Masson, 5*s.*

GUYON, MADAME, *Life*, 6*s.*

HADLEY, J., *Roman Law*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Half-length Portraits.* See Gentle Life Series.

HALFORD, F. M., *Dry Fly-fishing*, n. ed. 25*s.*

—— *Floating Flies*, 15*s.* & 30*s.*

HALL, *How to Live Long*, 2*s.*

HALSEY, F. A., *Slide Valve Gears*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

HAMILTON. See English Philosophers.

—— E. *Fly-fishing*, 6*s.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Riverside Naturalist*, 14*s.*

HAMILTON'S *Mexican Handbook*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

HANDEL. See Great Musicians.

HANDS, T., *Numerical Exercises in Chemistry*, 2*s.* 6*d.*; without ans. 2*s.*; ans. sep. 6*d.*

*Handy Guide to Dry-fly Fishing*, by Cotswold Isys, 1*s.*

*Handy Guide Book to Japanese Islands*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

HARDY, A. S., *Passe-rose*, 6*s.*

—— THOS. See Low's Standard Novels.

HARKUT, F., *Conspirator*, 6*s.*

HARLAND, MARION, *Home Kitchen*, 5*s.*

*Harper's Young People*, vols. I.—VII. 7*s.* 6*d.* each; gilt 8*s.*

HARRIES, A. See Nursing Record Series.

HARRIS, W. B., *Land of the African Sultan*, 10*s.* 6*d.*; l. p. 31*s.* 6*d.*

HARRISON, MARY, *Modern Cookery*, 6*s.*

—— *Skilful Cook*, n. ed. 5*s.*

—— MRS. B. *Old-fashioned Fairy Book*, 6*s.*

—— W., *London Houses*, Illust. n. edit. 1*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.* net; & 2*s.* 6*d.*

HARTLEY and MILL. See English Philosophers.

HATTON, JOSEPH, *Journalistic London*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— See also Low's Standard Novels.

HAWEIS, H.R., *Broad Church*, 6*s.*

—— *Poets in the Pulpit*, 10*s.* 6*d.* new edit. 6*s.*; also 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— Mrs., *Housekeeping*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Beautiful Houses*, 4*s.*, new edit. 1*s.*

HAYDN. See Great Musicians.

HAZLITT, W., *Round Table*, 2*s* 6*d.*

HEAD, PERCY R. See Illus. Text Books and Great Artists.

HEARD, A.F., *Russian Church*, 16*s.*

HEARN, L., *Youma*, 5*s.*

HEATH, F. G., *Fern World*, 12*s.* 6*d.*, new edit. 6*s.*

—— GERTRUDE, *Tell us Why*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

HELDMANN, B., *Mutiny of the "Leander,"* 7*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*

—— See also Low's Standard Books for Boys.

HENTY, G. A., *Hidden Foe*, 2 vols. 21*s.*

—— See also Low's Standard Books for Boys.

—— RICHMOND, *Australiana*, 5*s.*

HERBERT, T., *Salads and Sandwiches*, 6*d.*

HICKS, C. S., *Our Boys, and what to do with Them; Merchant Service*, 5*s.*

—— *Yachts, Boats, and Canoes*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

HIGGINSON, T. W., *Atlantic Essays*, 6*s.*

—— *History of the U.S.*, illust. 14*s.*

HILL, A. STAVELEY, *From Home to Home in N.-W. Canada*, 21*s.*, new edit. 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— G. B., *Footsteps of Johnson*, 63*s.*; *édition de luxe*, 147*s.*

HINMAN, R., *Eclectic Physical Geography*, 5*s.*

*Hints on proving Wills without Professional Assistance*, n. ed. 1*s.*

HOEY, Mrs. CASHEL. See Low's Standard Novels.

HOFFER, *Caoutchouc & Gutta Percha*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

HOGARTH. See Gr. Artists.

HOLBEIN. See Great Artists.

HOLDER, CHARLES F., *Ivory King*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Living Lights*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Marvels of Animal Life*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

HOLM, SAXE, *Draxy Miller*, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

HOLMES, O. WENDELL, *Before the Curfew*, 5*s.*

—— *Over the Tea Cups*, 6*s.*

—— *Iron Gate, &c., Poems*, 6*s.*

—— *Last Leaf*, 42*s.*

—— *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Mortal Antipathy*, 8*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* and 1*s.*

—— *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, new edit. 6*s.*; l. paper 15*s.*

—— *Poetical Works*, new edit., 2 vols. 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Works*, prose, 10 vols.; poetry, 4 vols.; 14 vols. 84*s.* Limited large paper edit., 14 vols. 294*s.* nett.

—— See also Low's Standard Novels and Rose Library.

HOLUB, E., *South Africa*, 2 vols. 42*s.*

HOPKINS, MANLEY, *Treatise on the Cardinal Numbers*, 2*s* 6*d.*

*Horace in Latin*, with Smart's literal translation, 2*s*. 6*d*. ; translation only, 1*s*. 6*d*.

HORETZKY, C., *Canada on the Pacific*, 5*s*.

*How and where to Fish in Ireland*, by H. Regan, 3*s*. 6*d*.

HOWARD, Blanche W., *Tony the Maid*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— See also Low's Standard Novels.

HOWELLS, W. D., *Suburban Sketches*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Undiscovered Country*, 3*s*. 6*d*. and 1*s*.

HOWORTH, H. H., *Glacial Nightmare*, 18*s*.

—— *Mammoth and the Flood*, 18*s*.

HUDSON, N. H., *Purple Land that England Lost*; Banda Oriental 2 vols. 21*s*. : 1 vol. 6*s*.

HUEFFER. E. See Great Musicians.

HUGHES, Hugh Price. See Preachers.

HUME, F., *Creature of the Night*, 1*s*.

*Humorous Art at the Naval Exhibition*, 1*s*.

HUMPHREYS, Jennet, *Some Little Britons in Brittany*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

*Hundred Greatest Men*, new edit. one vol. 21*s*.

HUNTINGDON, *The Squire's Nieces*, 2*s*. 6*d*. (Playtime Library.)

HYDE, *Hundred Years by Post*, 1*s*.

*Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, separate lists gratis.

*Iceland*. See Foreign Countries.

*Illustrated Text-Books of Art-Education*, edit. by E. J. Poynter, R.A., illust. 5*s*. each.

Architecture, Classic and Early Christian.

*Illust. Text-Books—continued.*

Architecture, Gothic and Renaissance.

German, Flemish, and Dutch Painting.

Painting, Classic and Italian.

Painting, English and American.

Sculpture, modern.

Sculpture, by G. Redford.

Spanish and French artists.

INDERWICK, F. A., *Interregnum*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Sidelights on the Stuarts*, new edit. 7*s*. 6*d*.

INGELOW, Jean. See Low's Standard Novels.

INGLIS, *Our New Zealand Cousins*, 6*s*.

—— *Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier*, 21*s*.

—— *Tent Life in Tiger Land*, 18*s*.

IRVING, W., *Little Britain*, 10*s*. 6*d*. and 6*s*.

—— *Works*, "Geoffrey Crayon" edit. 27 vols. 16*l*. 16*s*.

JACKSON, J., *Handwriting in Relation to Hygiene*, 3*d*.

—— *New Style Vertical Writing Copy-Books*, Series I. 1—8, 2*d*. and 1*d*. each.

—— *New Code Copy-Books*, 22 Nos. 2*d*. each.

—— *Shorthand of Arithmetic*, Companion to all Arithmetics, 1*s*. 6*d*.

—— L., *Ten Centuries of European Progress*, with maps, 12*s*. 6*d*.

JAMES, Croake, *Law and Lawyers*, new edit. 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— Henry. See Daudet, A.

JAMES and MOLÉ'S *French Dictionary*, 3*s*. 6*d*. cloth ; roan, 5*s*.

JAMES, *German Dictionary*, 3*s*. 6*d*. cloth ; roan 5*s*.

JANVIER, *Aztec Treasure House*, 7*s*. 6*d*. ; new edit. 5*s*.

*Japan.* See Foreign Countries.
JEFFERIES, RICHARD, *Amaryllis at the Fair*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Bevis*, new edit. 5*s.*
JEPHSON, A. J. M., *Emin Pasha* relief expedition, 21*s.*
JERDON. See Low's Standard Series.
JOHNSTON, H. H., *The Congo*, 21*s.*
JOHNSTON-LAVIS, H. J., *South Italian Volcanoes*, 15*s.*
JOHNSTONE, D. L., *Land of the Mountain Kingdom*, new edit. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
JONES, MRS. HERBERT, *Sandringham, Past and Present*, illust., new edit. 8*s.* 6*d.*
JULIEN, F., *Conversational French Reader*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *English Student's French Examiner*, 2*s.*
—— *First Lessons in Conversational French Grammar*, n. ed. 1*s.*
—— *French at Home and at School*, Book I. accidence, 2*s.*; key, 3*s.*
—— *Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire*, n. ed. 3*s.*
—— *Petites Leçons*, with phrases, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Phrases of Daily Use*, separately, 6*d.*
KARR, H. W. SETON, *Shores and Alps of Alaska*, 16*s.*
KARSLAND, VEVA, *Women and their Work*, 1*s.*
KAY. See Foreign Countries.
KENNEDY, E. B., *Blacks and Bushrangers*, new edit. 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
KERR, W. M., *Far Interior, the Cape, Zambesi, &c.*, 2 vols. 32*s.*
KERSHAW, S. W., *Protestants from France in their English Home*, 6*s.*
KETT, C. W., *Rubens*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
*Khedives and Pashas*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
KILNER, E. A., *Four Welsh Counties*, 5*s.*
*King and Commons.* See Cavalier in Bayard Series.
KINGSLEY, R. G., *Children of Westminster Abbey*, 5*s.*
KINGSTON. See Low's Standard Books.
KIPLING, RUDYARD, *Soldiers Three, &c.*, stories, 1*s.*
—— *Story of the Gadsbys*, new edit. 1*s.*
—— *In Black and White, &c.*, stories, 1*s.*
—— *Wee Willie Winkie, &c.*, stories, 1*s.*
—— *Under the Deodars, &c.*, stories, 1*s.*
—— *Phantom Rickshaw, &c.*, stories, 1*s.*
*** The six collections of stories may also be had in 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
—— *Stories*, Library Edition, 2 vols. 6*s.* each.
KIRKALDY, W. G., *David Kirkaldy's Mechanical Testing*, 84*s.*
KNIGHT, A. L., *In the Web of Destiny*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— E. F., *Cruise of the Falcon*, new edit. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— E. J., *Albania and Montenegro*, 12*s.* 6*d.*
—— V. C., *Church Unity*, 5*s.*
KNOX, T. W., *Boy Travellers*, new edit. 5*s.*
KNOX-LITTLE, W. J., *Sermons*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
KUNHARDT, C. P., *Small Yachts*, new edit. 50*s.*
—— *Steam Yachts*, 16*s.*
KWONG, *English Phrases*, 21*s.*
LABOULLAYE, E., *Abdallah*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
LALANNE, *Etching*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

LAMB, CHAS., *Essays of Elia*, with designs by C. O. Murray, 6*s*.

LAMBERT, *Angling Literature*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

*Landscape Painters of Holland.* See Great Artists.

LANDSEER. See Great Artists.

LANGLEY, S. P., *New Astronomy*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

LANIER, S., *Boy's Froissart*, 7*s*. 6*d*.; *King Arthur*, 7*s*. 6*d*.; *Mabinogion*, 7*s*. 6*d*.; *Percy*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

LANSDELL, HENRY, *Through Siberia*, 1 v. 15*s*. and 10*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Russia in Central Asia*, 2 vols. 42*s*.

—— *Through Central Asia*, 12*s*.

LARDEN, W., *School Course on Heat*, n. ed. 5*s*.

LAURIE, A., *Secret of the Magian, the Mystery of Ecbatana*, illus. 6*s*. See also Low's Standard Books.

LAWRENCE, SERGEANT, *Autobiography*, 6*s*.

—— and ROMNEY. See Great Artists.

LAYARD, MRS., *West Indies*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

LEA, H. C., *Inquisition*, 3 vols. 42*s*.

LEARED, A., *Marocco*, n. ed. 16*s*.

LEAVITT, *New World Tragedies*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

LEFFINGWELL, W. B., *Shooting*, 18*s*.

—— *Wild Fowl Shooting*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

LEFROY, W., DEAN. See Preachers.

LELAND, C. G., *Algonquin Legends*, 8*s*.

LEMON, M., *Small House over the Water*, 6*s*.

*Leo XIII. Life*, 18*s*.

*Leonardo da Vinci.* See Great Artists.

—— *Literary Works*, by J. P. Richter, 2 vols. 25*s*.

LIEBER, *Telegraphic Cipher*, 42*s*. nett.

*Like unto Christ.* See Gentle Life Series.

LITTLE, ARCH. J., *Yang-tse Gorges*, n. ed., 10*s*. 6*d*.

*Little Masters of Germany.* See Great Artists.

LONGFELLOW, *Miles Standish*, illus. 21*s*.

—— *Maidenhood*, with col. pl. 2*s*. 6*d*.; gilt edges, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Nuremberg*, photogr. illu. 31*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Song of Hiawatha*, illust. 21*s*.

LOOMIS, E., *Astronomy*, n. ed. 8*s*. 6*d*.

LORNE, MARQUIS OF, *Canada and Scotland*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Palmerston.* See Prime Ministers.

*Louis, St.* See Bayard Series.

*Low's French Readers*, edit. by C. F. Clifton, I. 3*d*., II. 3*d*., III. 6*d*.

—— *German Series.* See Goethe, Meissner, Sandars, and Schiller.

—— *London Charities*, annually, 1*s*. 6*d*.; sewed, 1*s*.

—— *Illustrated Germ. Primer*, 1*s*.

—— *Infant Primers*, I. illus. 3*d*.; II. illus. 6*d*. and 7*d*.

—— *Pocket Encyclopædia*, with plates, 3*s*. 6*d*.; roan, 4*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Readers*, I., 9*d*.; II., 10*d*.; III., 1*s*.; IV., 1*s*. 3*d*.; V., 1*s*. 4*d*.; VI., 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Low's Select Parchment Series.*

Aldrich (T. B.) Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Lewis (Rev. Gerrard), Ballads of the Cid, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Whittier (J. G.) The King's Missive. 3*s.* 6*d.*

*Low's Stand. Library of Travel* (except where price is stated), per volume, 7*s.* 6*d.*

1. Butler, Great Lone Land; also 3*s.* 6*d.*
2. —— Wild North Land.
3. Stanley (H. M.) Coomassie, 3*s.* 6*d.*
4. —— How I Found Livingstone; also 3*s.* 6*d.*
5. —— Through the Dark Continent, 1 vol. illust., 12*s.* 6*d.*; also 3*s.* 6*d.*
8. MacGahan (J. A.) Oxus.
9. Spry, voyage, *Challenger.*
10. Burnaby's Asia Minor, 10*s.* 6*d.*
11. Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa, 2 vols. 15*s.*; also 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
12. Marshall (W.) Through America.
13. Lansdell (H). Through Siberia, 10*s.* 6*d.*
14. Coote, South by East, 10*s.* 6*d.*
15. Knight, Cruise of the *Falcon*, also 3*s.* 6*d.*
16. Thomson (Joseph) Through Masai Land.
19. Ashe (R. P.) Two Kings of Uganda, 3*s.* 6*d.*

*Low's Standard Novels* (except where price is stated), 6*s.*

Baker, John Westacott.
Black (W.) Craig Royston.
—— Daughter of Heth.
—— House Boat.
—— In Far Lochaber.
—— In Silk Attire.
—— Kilmeny.
—— Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart.
—— New Prince Fortunatus.
—— Penance of John Logan.
—— Stand Fast, Craig Royston!
—— Sunrise.
—— Three Feathers.

*Low's Stand. Novels—continued*

Blackmore (R. D.) Alice Lorraine.
—— Christowell.
—— Clara Vaughan.
—— Cradock Nowell.
—— Cripps the Carrier.
—— Ereme, or My Father's Sins.
—— Kit and Kitty.
—— Lorna Doone.
—— Mary Anerley.
—— Sir Thomas Upmore.
—— Springhaven.
Brémont, Gentleman Digger.
Brown (Robert) Jack Abbott's Log.
Bynner, Agnes Surriage.
—— Begum's Daughter.
Cable (G. W.) Bonaventure, 5*s.*
Coleridge (C. R.) English Squire.
Craddock, Despot of Broomsedge.
Croker (Mrs. B. M.) Some One Else.
Cumberland (Stuart) Vasty Deep.
De Leon, Under the Stars and Crescent.
Edwards (Miss Betham) Half-way.
Eggleston, Juggernaut.
French Heiress in her own Chateau.
Gilliat (E.) Story of the Dragonnades.
Hardy (A. S.) Passe-rose.
—— (Thos.) Far from the Madding.
—— Hand of Ethelberta.
—— Laodicean.
—— Mayor of Casterbridge.
—— Pair of Blue Eyes.
—— Return of the Native.
—— Trumpet-Major.
—— Two on a Tower.
Harkut, Conspirator.
Hatton (J.) Old House at Sandwich.
—— Three Recruits.
Hoey (Mrs. Cashel) Golden Sorrow.
—— Out of Court.
—— Stern Chase.
Howard (Blanche W.) Open Door.
Ingelow (Jean) Don John.
—— John Jerome, 5*s.*
—— Sarah de Berenger.
Lathrop, Newport, 5*s.*
Mac Donald (Geo.) Adela Cathcart.
—— Guild Court.

*Low's Stand. Novels—continued.*

Mac Donald (Geo.) Mary Marston.
—— Orts.
—— Stephen Archer, &c.
—— The Vicar's Daughter.
—— Weighed and Wanting.
Macmaster, Our Pleasant Vices.
Macquoid (Mrs.) Diane.
Musgrave (Mrs.) Miriam.
Osborn, Spell of Ashtaroth, 5*s.*
Prince Maskiloff.
Riddell (Mrs.) Alaric Spenceley.
—— Daisies and Buttercups.
—— Senior Partner.
—— Struggle for Fame.
Russell (W. Clark) Betwixt the Forelands.
—— Frozen Pirate.
—— Jack's Courtship.
—— John Holdsworth.
—— Little Loo.
—— My Watch Below.
—— Ocean Free Lance.
—— Sailor's Sweetheart.
—— Sea Queen.
—— Strange Voyage.
—— The Lady Maud.
—— Wreck of the *Grosvenor*.
Steuart, Kilgroom.
Stockton (F. R.) Ardis Claverden.
—— Bee-man of Orn, 5*s.*
—— Hundredth Man.
—— The late Mrs. Null.
Stoker, Snake's Pass.
Stowe (Mrs.) Old Town Folk.
—— Poganuc People.
Thomas, House on the Scar.
Thomson, Ulu, an African Romance.
Tourgee, Murvale Eastman.
Tytler (S.) Duchess Frances.
Vane, From the Dead.
Wallace (Lew.) Ben Hur.
Warner, Little Journey in the World.
Woolson (Constance Fenimore) Anne.
—— East Angles.
—— For the Major, 5*s.*
—— Jupiter Lights.

*See also Sea Stories.*

*Low's Stand. Novels*, new issue at short intervals, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

Blackmore, Alice Lorraine.
—— Christowell.
—— Clara Vaughan.
—— Cripps the Carrier.
—— Kit and Kitty.
—— Lorna Doone.
—— Mary Anerley.
—— Tommy Upmore.
Cable, Bonaventure.
Croker, Some One Else.
Cumberland, Vasty Deep.
De Leon, Under the Stars.
Edwards, Half-way.
Hardy, Laodicean.
—— Madding Crowd.
—— Mayor of Casterbridge.
—— Trumpet-Major,
—— Two on a Tower.
Hatton, Old House at Sandwich.
—— Three Recruits.
Hoey, Golden Sorrow.
—— Out of Court.
—— Stern Chase.
Holmes, Guardian Angel.
Ingelow, John Jerome.
—— Sarah de Berenger.
Mac Donald, Adela Cathcart.
—— Guild Court.
—— Stephen Archer.
—— Vicar's Daughter.
Oliphant, Innocent.
Riddell, Daisies and Buttercups.
—— Senior Partner.
Stockton, Bee-man of Orn, 5*s.*
—— Dusantes.
—— Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.
Stowe, Dred.
—— Old Town Folk.
—— Poganuc People.
Thomson, Ulu.
Walford, Her Great Idea, &c., Stories.

*Low's German Series*, a graduated course. See "German."

*Low's Readers.* See English Reader and French Reader.

*Low's Standard Books for Boys*, with numerous illustrations, 2*s.* 6*d.* each; gilt edges, 3*s.* 6*d.*

*Low's Stand. Books for Boys—continued.*

Adventures in New Guinea: the Narrative of Louis Tregance.
Biart (Lucien) Adventures of a Young Naturalist.
—— My Rambles in the New World.
Boussenard, Crusoes of Guiana.
—— Gold Seekers, a sequel to the above.
Butler (Col. Sir Wm., K.C.B.) Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux: a Tale of the Great Prairie.
Cahun (Leon) Adventures of Captain Mago.
—— Blue Banner.
Célière, Startling Exploits of the Doctor.
Chaillu (Paul du) Wild Life under the Equator.
Collingwood (Harry) Under the Meteor Flag.
—— Voyage of the *Aurora*.
Cozzens (S.W.) Marvellous Country.
Dodge (Mrs.) Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates.
Du Chaillu (Paul) Stories of the Gorilla Country.
Erckmann-Chatrian, Brothers Rantzau.
Fenn (G. Manville) Off to the Wilds.
—— Silver Cañon.
Groves (Percy) Charmouth Grange; a Tale of the 17th Century.
Heldmann (B.) Mutiny on Board the Ship *Leander*.
Henty (G. A.) Cornet of Horse: a Tale of Marlborough's Wars.
—— Jack Archer; a Tale of the Crimea.
—— Winning his Spurs: a Tale of the Crusades.
Johnstone (D. Lawson) Mountain Kingdom.
Kennedy (E. B.) Blacks and Bushrangers in Queensland.
Kingston (W. H. G.) Ben Burton; or, Born and Bred at Sea.
—— Captain Mugford; or, Our Salt and Fresh Water Tutors.
—— Dick Cheveley.
—— Heir of Kilfinnan.

*Low's Stand. Books for Boys—continued.*

Kingston (W. H. G.) Snowshoes and Canoes.
—— Two Supercargoes.
—— With Axe and Rifle on the Western Prairies.
Laurie (A.) Conquest of the Moon.
—— New York to Brest in Seven Hours.
MacGregor (John) A Thousand Miles in the *Rob Roy* Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe.
Maclean (H. E.) Maid of the Ship *Golden Age*.
Meunier, Great Hunting Grounds of the World.
Muller, Noble Words and Deeds.
Perelaer, The Three Deserters; or, Ran Away from the Dutch.
Reed (Talbot Baines) Sir Ludar: a Tale of the Days of the Good Queen Bess.
Rousselet (Louis) Drummer-boy: a Story of the Time of Washington.
—— King of the Tigers.
—— Serpent Charmer.
—— Son of the Constable of France.
Russell (W. Clark) Frozen Pirates.
Stanley, My Kalulu—Prince, King and Slave.
Winder (F. H.) Lost in Africa.

*Low's Standard Series of Books* by popular writers, cloth gilt, 2*s.*; gilt edges, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Alcott (L. M.) A Rose in Bloom.
—— An Old-Fashioned Girl.
—— Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.
—— Eight Cousins, illust.
—— Jack and Jill.
—— Jimmy's Cruise.
—— Little Men.
—— Little Women and Little Women Wedded.
—— Lulu's Library, illust.
—— Shawl Straps.
—— Silver Pitchers.
—— Spinning-Wheel Stories.
—— Under the Lilacs, illust.
—— Work and Beginning Again, ill.

*Low's Stand. Series—continued.*
Alden (W. L.) Jimmy Brown, illust.
—— Trying to Find Europe.
Bunyan (John) Pilgrim's Progress, (extra volume), gilt, 2*s.*
De Witt (Madame) An Only Sister.
Francis (Francis) Eric and Ethel, illust.
Holm (Saxe) Draxy Miller's Dowry.
Jerdon (Gert.) Keyhole Country, illust.
Robinson (Phil) In My Indian Garden.
—— Under the Punkah.
Roe (E. P.) Nature's Serial Story.
Saintine, Picciola.
Samuels, Forecastle to Cabin, illust.
Sandeau (Jules) Seagull Rock.
Stowe (Mrs.) Dred.
—— Ghost in the Mill, &c.
—— My Wife and I.
—— We and our Neighbours.
See also Low's Standard Series.
Tooley (Mrs.) Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Warner (C. Dudley) In the Wilderness.
—— My Summer in a Garden.
Whitney (Mrs.) A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.
—— Faith Gartney's Girlhood.
—— Hitherto.
—— Real Folks.
—— The Gayworthys.
—— We Girls.
—— The Other Girls: a Sequel.

*** *A new illustrated list of books for boys and girls, with portraits of celebrated authors, sent post free on application.*

LOWELL, J. R., *Among my Books*, Series I. and II., 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
—— *My Study Windows*, n. ed. 1*s.*
—— *Vision of Sir Launfal*, illus. 63*s.*
MACDONALD, A., *Our Sceptred Isle*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— D., *Oceania*, 6*s.*
MACDONALD, Geo., *Castle Warlock, a Homely Romance*, 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*
—— See also Low's Standard Novels.
—— Sir John A., *Life.*
MACDOWALL, Alex. B., *Curve Pictures of London*, 1*s.*
MACGAHAN, J. A., *Oxus*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
MACGOUN, *Commercial Correspondence*, 5*s.*
MACGREGOR, J., *Rob Roy in the Baltic*, n. ed. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Rob Roy Canoe*, new edit., 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Yawl Rob Roy*, new edit., 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
MACKENNA, *Brave Men in Action*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
MACKENZIE, Sir Morell, *Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
MACKINNON and SHADBOLT, *South African Campaign*, 50*s.*
MACLAREN, A. See Preachers.
MACLEAN, H. E. See Low's Standard Books.
MACMASTER. See Low's Standard Novels.
MACMURDO, E., *History of Portugal*, 21*s.*; II. 21*s.*; III. 21*s.*
MAHAN, A. T., *Influence of Sea Power on History*, 18*s.*
*Maid of Florence*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
MAIN, Mrs., *High Life*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— See also Burnaby, Mrs.
MALAN, A. N., *Cobbler of Cornikeranium*, 5*s.*
—— C. F. de M., *Eric and Connie's Cruise*, 5*s.*
*Man's Thoughts.* See Gentle Life Series.
MANLEY, J. J., *Fish and Fishing*, 6*s.*

MANTEGNA and FRANCIA. See Great Artists.

MARCH, F. A., *Comparative Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, 12*s*.

—— *Anglo-Saxon Reader*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

MARKHAM, Adm., *Naval Career*, 14*s*.

—— *Whaling Cruise*, new edit. 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— C. R., *Peru*. See Foreign Countries.

—— *Fighting Veres*, 18*s*.

—— *War Between Peru and Chili*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

MARSH, G. P., *Lectures on the English Language*, 18*s*.

—— *Origin and History of the English Language*, 18*s*.

MARSHALL, W. G., *Through America*, new edit. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MARSTON, E., *How Stanley wrote "In Darkest Africa,"* 1*s*.

—— See also Amateur Angler, Frank's Ranche, and Fresh Woods.

—— W., *Eminent Actors*, n. ed. 6*s*.

MARTIN, J. W., *Float Fishing and Spinning*, new edit. 2*s*.

*Massage*. See Nursing Record Series.

MATTHEWS, J. W., *Incwadi Yami*, 14*s*.

MAURY, M. F., *Life*, 12*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Physical Geography and Meteorology of the Sea*, new ed. 6*s*.

MEISSNER, A. L., *Children's Own German Book* (Low's Series), 1*s*. 6*d*.

—— *First German Reader* (Low's Series), 1*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Second German Reader* (Low's Series), 1*s*. 6*d*.

MEISSONIER. See Great Artists.

MELBOURNE, Lord. See Prime Ministers.

MELIO, G. L., *Swedish Drill*, 1*s*. 6*d*.

MENDELSSOHN *Family*, 1729-1847, Letters and Journals, 2 vols. 30*s*.; new edit. 30*s*.

—— See also Great Musicians.

MERRIFIELD, J., *Nautical Astronomy*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

MERRYLEES, J., *Carlsbad*, 7*s*. 6*d*. and 9*s*.

MESNEY, W., *Tungking*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

*Metal Workers' Recipes and Processes*, by W. T. Brannt, 12*s*. 6*d*.

MEUNIER, V. See Low's Standard Books.

*Michelangelo*. See Great Artists.

MILFORD, P. *Ned Stafford's Experiences*, 5*s*.

MILL, James. See English Philosophers.

MILLS, J., *Alternative Elementary Chemistry*, 1*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Chemistry Based on the Science and Art Syllabus*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Elementary Chemistry*, answers, 2 vols. 1*s*. each.

MILTON'S *Allegro*. See Choice Editions.

MITCHELL, D. G. (Ik. Marvel) *English Lands, Letters and Kings*, 2 vols. 6*s*. each.

—— *Writings*, new edit. per vol. 5*s*.

MITFORD, J., *Letters*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— Miss, *Our Village*, illust. 5*s*.

*Modern Etchings*, 63*s*. & 31*s*. 6*d*.

MOLLETT, J. W., *Dictionary of Words in Art and Archæology*, illust. 15*s*.

—— *Etched Examples*, 31*s*. 6*d*. and 63*s*.

—— See also Great Artists.

MONCK. See English Philosophers.

MONEY, E., *The Truth About America*, 5*s.*; new edit. 2*s.* 6*d.*

MONKHOUSE. See G. Artists.

*Montaigne's Essays*, revised by J. Hain Friswell, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— See Gentle Life Series.

MOORE, J. M., *New Zealand for Emigrant, Invalid, and Tourist*, 5*s.*

MORFILL, W. R., *Russia*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MORLEY, HENRY, *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Five Centuries of English Literature*, 2*s.*

MORSE, E. S., *Japanese Homes*, new edit. 10*s.* 6*d.*

MORTEN, *Hospital Life*, 1*s.*

MORTIMER, J., *Chess Player's Pocket-Book*, new edit. 1*s.*

MORWOOD, V.S., *Our Gipsies*, 18*s.*

MOSS, F. J., *Great South Sea*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

MOSSMAN, S., *Japan*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MOTTI, PIETRO, *Elementary Russian Grammar*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Russian Conversation Grammar*, 5*s.*; Key, 2*s.*

MOULE, H. C. G., *Sermons*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MOXLEY, *West India Sanatorium, and Barbados*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MOXON, W., *Pilocereus Senilis*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

MOZART, 3*s.* Gr. Musicians.

MULLER, E. See Low's Standard Books.

MULLIN, J. P., *Moulding and Pattern Making*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

MULREADY, 3*s.* 6*d.* Great Artists.

MURILLO. See Great Artists.

MUSGRAVE, MRS. See Low's Standard Novels.

—— *Savage London*, n. e. 3*s.* 6*d.*

*My Comforter, &c., Religious Poems*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

*Napoleon I.* See Bayard Series.

*Napoleon I. and Marie Louise*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

NELSON, WOLFRED, *Panama*, 6*s.*

*Nelson's Words and Deeds*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

NETHERCOTE, *Pytchley Hunt*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

*New Democracy*, 1*s.*

*New Zealand*, chromos, by Barraud, 168*s.*

NICHOLSON, *British Association Work and Workers*, 1*s.*

*Nineteenth Century*, a Monthly Review, 2*s.* 6*d.* per No.

NISBET, HUME, *Life and Nature Studies*, 6*s.*

NIXON, *Story of the Transvaal*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

*Nordenskiöld's Voyage*, trans. 21*s.*

NORDHOFF, C., *California*, new edit. 12*s.* 6*d.*

NORRIS, RACHEL, *Nursing Notes*, 2*s.*

NORTH, W., *Roman Fever*, 25*s.*

*Northern Fairy Tales*, 5*s.*

NORTON, C. L., *Florida*, 5*s.*

NORWAY, G., *How Martin Drake Found his Father* illus. 5*s.*

NUGENT'S *French Dictionary*, new edit. 3*s.*

*Nuggets of the Gough*, 3*s.*

*Nursing Record Series*, text books and manuals. Edited by Charles F. Rideal.

1. Lectures to Nurses on Antiseptics in Surgery. By E. Stanmore Bishop. With coloured plates, 2*s.*

*Nursing Record Series—contin.*

2. Nursing Notes. Medical and Surgical information. For Hospital Nurses, &c. With illustrations and a glossary of terms. By Rachel Norris (*née* Williams), late Acting Superintendent of Royal Victoria Military Hospital at Suez, 2*s.*
3. Practical Electro-Therapeutics. By Arthur Harries, M.D., and H. Newman Lawrence. With photographs and diagrams, 1*s.* 6*d.*
4. Massage for Beginners. Simple and easy directions for learning and remembering the different movements. By Lucy Fitch, 1*s.*

O'BRIEN, *Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland*, vol. i. 16*s.*; vol. ii. 16*s.*

—— *Irish Land Question*, 2*s.*

OGDEN, James, *Fly-tying*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

O'GRADY, *Bardic Literature of Ireland*, 1*s.*

—— *History of Ireland*, vol. i. 7*s.* 6*d.*; ii. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Old Masters in Photo.* 73*s.* 6*d.*

*Orient Line Guide*, new edit. 2*s.* 6*d.*

ORLEBAR, *Sancta Christina*, 5*s.*

*Other People's Windows.* See Gentle Life Series.

OTTÉ, *Denmark and Iceland*, 3*s.* 6*d.* Foreign Countries.

*Our Little Ones in Heaven*, 5*s.*

*Out of School at Eton*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

OVERBECK. See Great Artists.

OWEN, Douglas, *Marine Insurance*, 15*s.*

*Oxford Days*, by a M.A., 2*s.* 6*d.*

PALGRAVE, *Chairman's Handbook*, new edit. 2*s.*

—— *Oliver Cromwell*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

PALLISER, *China Collector's Companion*, 5*s.*

—— *History of Lace*, n. ed. 21*s.*

PANTON, *Homes of Taste*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

PARKE, *Emin Pasha Relief* Expedition, 21*s.*

PARKER, E. H., *Chinese Account of the Opium War*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

PARSONS, J., *Principles of Partnership*, 31*s.* 6*d.*

—— T. P., *Marine Insurance*, 2 vols. 63*s.*

PEACH, *Annals of Swainswick*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

*Peel.* See Prime Ministers.

PELLESCHI, G., *Gran Chaco*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

PENNELL, H. C., *Fishing Tackle*, 2*s.*

—— *Sporting Fish*, 15*s.* & 30*s.*

*Penny Postage Jubilee*, 1*s.*

PERRY, Nora, *Another Flock of Girls*, illus. by Birch & Copeland, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Peru*, 3*s.* 6*d.* Foreign Countries.

PHELPS, E. S., *Struggle for Immortality*, 5*s.*

—— Samuel, *Life*, by W. M. Phelps and Forbes-Robertson, 12*s.*

PHILLIMORE, C. M., *Italian Literature*, new. edit. 3*s.* 6*d.*

PHILLIPPS, W. M., *English Elegies*, 5*s.*

PHILLIPS, L. P., *Dictionary of Biographical Reference*, new. edit. 25*s.*

—— W., *Law of Insurance*, 2 vols. 73*s.* 6*d.*

PHILPOT, H. J., *Diabetes Mellitus*, 5*s.*

—— *Diet Tables*, 1*s.* each.

*Picture Gallery of British Art.* I. to VI. 18*s.* each.

—— *Modern Art*, 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.* each.

PINTO, *How I Crossed Africa*, 2 vols. 42*s*.

*Playtime Library*. See Humphrey and Huntingdon.

*Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox*, trans. by T. Roscoe, illus. 7*s*. 6*d*.

POCOCK, R., *Gravesend Historian*, 5*s*.

POE, by E. C. Stedman, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Raven*, ill. by G. Doré, 63*s*.

*Poems of the Inner Life*, 5*s*.

*Poetry of Nature*. See Choice Editions.

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, 7*s*. 6*d*. and 21*s*.

POOLE, *Somerset Customs and Legends*, 5*s*.

—— S. Lane, *Egypt*, 3*s*. 6*d*. Foreign Countries.

POPE, *Select Poetical Works*, (Bernhard Tauchnitz Collection), 2*s*.

PORCHER, A., *Juvenile* French Plays, 1*s*.

*Portraits of Racehorses*, 4 vols. 126*s*.

POSSELT, *Structure of Fibres*, 63*s*.

—— *Textile Design*, illust. 28*s*.

POYNTER. See Illustrated Text Books.

*Preachers of the Age*, 3*s*. 6*d*. ea.

Living Theology, by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Conquering Christ, by Rev. A. Maclaren.

*Verbum Crucis*, by the Bishop of Derry.

Ethical Christianity, by H. P. Hughes.

Sermons, by Canon W. J. Knox-Little.

Light and Peace, by H. R. Reynolds.

Faith and Duty, by A. M. Fairbairn.

Plain Words on Great Themes, by J. O. Dykes.

Sermons, by the Bishop of Ripon.

*Preachers of the Age—continued.*

Sermons, by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

*Agoniæ Christi*, by Dean Lefroy, of Norwich.

Sermons, by H. C. G. Moule, M.A.

*Volumes will follow in quick succession by other well-known men.*

*Prime Ministers*, a series of political biographies, edited by Stuart J. Reid, 3*s*. 6*d*. each.

1. Earl of Beaconsfield, by J. Anthony Froude.
2. Viscount Melbourne, by Henry Dunckley ("*Verax*").
3. Sir Robert Peel, by Justin McCarthy.
4. Viscount Palmerston, by the Marquis of Lorne.
5. Earl Russell, by Stuart J. Reid.
6. Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, by G. W. E. Russell.
7. Earl of Aberdeen, by Sir Arthur Gordon.
8. Marquis of Salisbury, by H. D. Traill.
9. Earl of Derby, by George Saintsbury.

*** *An edition, limited to* 250 *copies, is issued on hand-made paper, medium* 8*vo, bound in half vellum, cloth sides, gilt top. Price for the* 9 *vols.* 4*l*. 4*s*. *nett.*

*Prince Maskiloff*. See Low's Standard Novels.

*Prince of Nursery Playmates*, new edit. 2*s*. 6*d*.

PRITT, T. N., *Country Trout Flies*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

*Reynolds*. See Great Artists.

*Purcell*. See Great Musicians.

QUILTER, H., *Giotto, Life, &c.* 15*s*.

RAMBAUD, *History of Russia*, new edit., 3 vols. 21*s*.

RAPHAEL. See Great Artists.

REDFORD, *Sculpture*. See Illustrated Text-books.

REDGRAVE, *Engl. Painters*, 10*s*. 6*d*. and 12*s*.

REED, Sir E. J., *Modern Ships of War*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— T. B., *Roger Ingleton, Minor*, 5*s.*
—— *Sir Ludar.* See Low's Standard Books.
REID, Mayne, Capt., *Stories of Strange Adventures*, illust. 5*s.*
—— Stuart J. See Prime Ministers.
—— T. Wemyss, *Land of the Bey*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
*Remarkable Bindings in British Museum*, 168*s.*; 94*s.* 6*d.*; 73*s.* 6*d.* and 63*s.*
REMBRANDT. See Great Artists.
*Reminiscences of a Boyhood*, 6*s.*
REMUSAT, *Memoirs*, Vols. I. and II. new ed. 16*s.* each.
—— *Select Letters*, 16*s.*
REYNOLDS. See Gr. Artists.
—— Henry R., *Light & Peace, &c. Sermons*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
RICHARDS, J. W., *Aluminium*, new edit. 21*s.*
RICHARDSON, *Choice of Books*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
RICHTER, J. P., *Italian Art*, 42*s.*
—— See also Great Artists.
RIDDELL. See Low's Standard Novels.
RIDEAL, *Women of the Time*, 14*s.*
RIFFAULT, *Colours for Painting*, 31*s.* 6*d.*
RIIS, *How the Other Half Lives*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
RIPON, Bp. of. See Preachers.
ROBERTS, Miss, *France.* See Foreign Countries.
—— W., *English Bookselling*, earlier history, 7*s.* 6*d.*
ROBIDA, A., *Toilette*, coloured, 7*s.* 6*d.*
ROBINSON, "*Romeo*" *Coates*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Noah's Ark*, n. ed. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Sinners & Saints*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— See also Low's Standard Series.
—— *Wealth and its Sources*, 5*s.*
—— W. C., *Law of Patents*, 3 vols. 1Q5*s.*
ROCHEFOUCAULD. See Bayard Series.
ROCKSTRO, *History of Music*, new ed. 14*s.*
RODRIGUES, *Panama Canal*, 5*s.*
ROE, E. P. See Low's Standard Series.
ROGERS, S. See Choice Editions.
ROLFE, *Pompeii*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
*Romantic Stories of the Legal Profession*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
ROMNEY. See Great Artists.
ROOSEVELT, Blanche R. *Home Life of Longfellow*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
ROSE, J., *Mechanical Drawing*, 16*s.*
—— *Practical Machinist*, new ed. 12*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Key to Engines*, 8*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Modern Steam Engines*, 31*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Steam Boilers*, 12*s.* 6*d.*
*Rose Library.* Popular Literature of all countries, per vol. 1*s.*, unless the price is given.
Alcott (L. M.) Eight Cousins, 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Jack and Jill, 2*s.*; cloth, 5*s.*
—— Jimmy's cruise in the *Pinafore*, 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Little Women.
—— Little Women Wedded; Nos. 4 and 5 in 1 vol. cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Little Men, 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

*Rose Library—continued.*

Alcott (L. M.) Old-fashioned Girls, 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Rose in Bloom, 2*s.*; cl. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Silver Pitchers.
—— Under the Lilacs, 2*s.*; cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Work, A Story of Experience, 2 vols. in 1, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Stowe (Mrs.) Pearl of Orr's Island.
—— Minister's Wooing.
—— We and Our Neighbours, 2*s.*
—— My Wife and I, 2*s.*
Dodge (Mrs.) Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates, 1*s.*; cloth, 5*s.*; 3*s.* 6*d.*; 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lowell (J. R.) My Study Windows.
Holmes (Oliver Wendell) Guardian Angel, cloth, 2*s.*
Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden, cloth, 2*s.*
Stowe (Mrs.) Dred, 2*s.*; cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Carleton (W.) City Ballads, 2 vols. in 1, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— Legends, 2 vols. in 1, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— Farm Ballads, 6*d.* and 9*d.*; 3 vols. in 1, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Farm Festivals, 3 vols. in 1, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— Farm Legends, 3 vols. in 1, cloth gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Clients of Dr. Bernagius, 2 vols.
Howells (W. D.) Undiscovered Country.
Clay (C. M.) Baby Rue.
—— Story of Helen Troy.
Whitney (Mrs.) Hitherto, 2 vols. cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Fawcett (E.) Gentleman of Leisure.
Butler, Nothing to Wear.

ROSS, MARS, *Cantabria*, 21*s.*

ROSSINI, &c., See Great Musicians.

*Rothschilds*, by J. Reeves, 7*s.* 6*d.*

*Roughing it after Gold*, by Rux, new edit. 1*s.*

ROUSSELET. See Low's Standard Books.

ROWBOTHAM, F. J., *Prairie Land*, 5*s.*

*Royal Naval Exhibition*, a souvenir, illus. 1*s.*

RUBENS. See Great Artists.

RUGGLES, H. J., *Shakespeare's Method*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

RUSSELL, G. W. E., *Gladstone.* See Prime Ministers.
—— W. CLARK, *Mrs. Dines' Jewels*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Nelson's Words and Deeds*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Sailor's Language*, illus. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— See also Low's Standard Novels and Sea Stories.
—— W. HOWARD, *Prince of Wales' Tour*, illust. 52*s.* 6*d.* and 84*s.*

*Russia.* See Foreign Countries.

*Saints and their Symbols*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

SAINTSBURY, G., *Earl of Derby.* See Prime Ministers.

SAINTINE, *Picciola*, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* See Low's Standard Series.

SALISBURY, LORD. See Prime Ministers.

SAMUELS. See Low's Standard Series.

SANDARS, *German Primer*, 1*s.*

SANDEAU, *Seagull Rock*, 2*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* Low's Standard Series.

SANDLANDS, *How to Develop Vocal Power*, 1*s.*

SAUER, *European Commerce*, 5*s.*
—— *Italian Grammar* (Key, 2*s.*), 5*s.*
—— *Spanish Dialogues*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Spanish Grammar* (Key, 2*s.*), 5*s.*
—— *Spanish Reader*, new edit. 3*s.* 6*d.*

SAUNDERS, J., *Jaspar Deane*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

SCHAACK, M. J., *Anarchy*, 16*s*.

SCHAUERMANN, *Ornament* for technical schools, 10*s*. 6*d*.

SCHERER, *Essays in English Literature*, by G. Saintsbury, 6*s*.

SCHERR, *English Literature*, history, 8*s*. 6*d*.

SCHILLER'S *Prosa*, selections by Buchheim. Low's Series 2*s*. 6*d*.

SCHUBERT. See Great Musicians.

SCHUMANN. See Great Musicians.

SCHWEINFURTH. See Low's Standard Library.

*Scientific Education of Dogs*, 6*s*.

SCOTT, LEADER, *Renaissance of Art in Italy*, 31*s*. 6*d*.

—— See also Illust. Text-books.

—— SIR GILBERT, *Autobiography*, 18*s*.

—— W. B. See Great Artists.

SELMA, ROBERT, *Poems*, 5*s*.

SERGEANT, L. See Foreign Countries.

*Shadow of the Rock*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

SHAFTESBURY. See English Philosophers.

SHAKESPEARE, ed. by R. G. White, 3 vols. 36*s*.; *édit. de luxe*, 63*s*.

—— *Annals; Life & Work*, 2*s*.

—— *Hamlet*, 1603, *also* 1604, 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Hamlet*, by Karl Elze, 12*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Heroines*, by living painters, 105*s*.; artists' proofs, 630*s*.

—— *Macbeth*, with etchings, 105*s*. and 52*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Songs and Sonnets*. See Choice Editions.

—— *Taming of the Shrew*, adapted for drawing-room, paper wrapper, 1*s*.

SHEPHERD, *British School of Painting*, 2nd edit. 5*s*.; 3rd edit. sewed, 1*s*.

SHERIDAN, *Rivals*, col. plates, 52*s*. 6*d*. nett; art. pr. 105*s*. nett.

SHIELDS, G. O., *Big Game of North America*, 21*s*.

—— *Cruisings in the Cascades*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

SHOCK, W. H., *Steam Boilers*, 73*s*. 6*d*.

SIDNEY. See Gentle Life Series.

*Silent Hour*. See Gentle Life Series.

SIMKIN, *Our Armies*, plates in imitation of water-colour (5 parts at 1*s*.), 6*s*.

SIMSON, *Ecuador and the Putumayor*, 8*s*. 6*d*.

SKOTTOWE, *Hanoverian Kings*, new edit. 3*s*. 6*d*.

SLOANE, T. O., *Home Experiments*, 6*s*.

SMITH, HAMILTON, and LEGROS' *French Dictionary*, 2 vols. 16*s*., 21*s*., and 22*s*.

SMITH, EDWARD, *Cobbett*, 2 vols. 24*s*.

—— G., *Assyria*, 18*s*.

—— *Chaldean Account of Genesis*, new edit. by Sayce, 18*s*.

—— GERARD. See Illustrated Text Books.

—— T. ROGER. See Illustrated Text Books.

*Socrates*. See Bayard Series.

SOMERSET, *Our Village Life*, 5*s*.

*Spain*. See Foreign Countries.

SPAYTH, *Draught Player*, new edit. 12*s*. 6*d*.

SPIERS, *French Dictionary*, 2 vols. 18*s*., half bound, 2 vols., 21*s*.

SPRY. See Low's Stand. Library.

SPURGEON, C. H. See Preachers.

STANLEY, H. M., *Congo*, 2 vols. 42*s*. and 21*s*.

—— *In Darkest Africa*, 2 vols., 42*s*.

—— *Emin's Rescue*, 1*s*.

—— See also Low's Standard Library and Low's Standard Books.

START, *Exercises in Mensuration*, 8*d*.

STEPHENS, F. G., *Celebrated Flemish and French Pictures*, with notes, 28*s*.

—— See also Great Artists.

STERNE. See Bayard Series.

STERRY, J. Ashby, *Cucumber Chronicles*, 5*s*.

STEUART, J. A., *Letters to Living Authors*, new edit. 2*s*. 6*d*.; *édit. de luxe*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

—— See also Low's Standard Novels.

STEVENS, J. W., *Practical Workings of the Leather Manufacture*, illust. 18*s*.

—— T., *Around the World on a Bicycle*, over 100 illust. 16*s*.; part II. 16*s*.

STEWART, Dugald, *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

STOCKTON, F. R., *Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks*, 1*s*.

—— *The Dusantes*, a sequel, 1*s*.

—— *Merry Chanter*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Personally Conducted*, illust. by Joseph Pennell, 7*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Rudder Grangers Abroad*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Squirrel Inn*, illust. 6*s*.

—— *Story of Viteau*, illust. 5*s*. new edit. 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Three Burglars*, 1*s*. & 2*s*.

—— See also Low's Standard Novels.

STORER, F. H., *Agriculture*, 2 vols., 25*s*.

STOWE, Edwin. See Great Artists.

—— Mrs., *Flowers and Fruit from Her Writings*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Life . . . her own Words . . . Letters and Original Composition*, 15*s*.

—— *Life*, told for boys and girls, by S. A. Tooley, 5*s*., new edit. 2*s*. 6*d*. and 2*s*.

—— *Little Foxes*, cheap edit. 1*s*.; 4*s*. 6*d*.

—— *Minister's Wooing*, 1*s*.

—— *Pearl of Orr's Island*, 3*s*. 6*d*. and 1*s*.

—— *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with 126 new illust. 2 vols. 18*s*.

—— See also Low's Standard Novels and Low's Standard Series.

STRACHAN, J., *New Guinea*, 12*s*.

STRANAHAN, *French Painting*, 21*s*.

STRICKLAND, F., *Engadine*, new edit. 5*s*.

STUTFIELD, *El Maghreb*, ride through Morocco, 8*s*. 6*d*.

SUMNER, C., *Memoir*, new edit. 2 vols. 36*s*.

*Sweden and Norway*. See Foreign Countries.

*Sylvanus Redivivus*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

SZCZEPANSKI, *Technical Literature*, a directory, 2*s*

TAINE, H. A., *Origines*, I. Ancient Régime, French Revolution, 3 vols.; Modern Régime, vol. I. 16*s*.

TAYLOR, H., *English Constitution*, 18*s*.

—— R. L., *Analysis Tables*, 1*s*.

—— *Chemistry*, 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Techno-Chemical Receipt Book*, 10*s*. 6*d*.

TENNYSON. See Choice Editions.
*Ten Years of a Sailor's Life*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
THAUSING, *Malt and Beer*, 45*s.*
THEAKSTON, *British Angling Flies*, 5*s.*
*Thomas à Kempis Birthday-Book*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Daily Text-Book*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— See also Gentle Life Series.
THOMAS, BERTHA, *House on the Scar, Tale of South Devon*, 6*s.*
THOMSON, JOSEPH. See Low's Standard Library and Low's Standard Novels.
—— W., *Algebra*, 5*s.*; without Answers, 4*s.* 6*d.*; Key, 1*s.* 6*d.*
THORNTON, W. PUGIN, *Heads, and what they tell us*, 1*s.*
THORODSEN, J. P., *Lad and Lass*, 6*s.*
TICKNOR, G., *Memoir*, new edit., 2 vols. 21*s.*
TILESTON, MARY W., *Daily Strength*, 4*s.* 6*d.*
TINTORETTO. See Great Artists.
TITIAN. See Great Artists.
TODD, *Life*, by J. E. Todd, 12*s.*
TOURGEE. See Low's Standard Novels.
TOY, C. H., *Judaism*, 14*s.*
*Tracks in Norway*, 2*s.*, n. ed. 1*s.*
TRAILL. See Prime Ministers.
*Transactions of the Hong Kong Medical Society*, vol. I. 12*s.* 6*d.*
TROMHOLT, *Aurora Borealis*, 2 vols., 30*s.*
TUCKER, *Eastern Europe*, 15*s.*
TUCKERMAN, B., *English Fiction*, 8*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Lafayette*, 2 vols. 12*s.*
TURNER, J. M. W. See Gr. Artists.
TYSON, *Arctic Adventures*, 25*s.*
TYTLER, SARAH. See Low's Standard Novels.
—— M. C., *American Literature*, vols. I. and II. 24*s.*
UPTON, H., *Dairy Farming*, 2*s.*
*Valley Council*, by P. Clarke, 6*s.*
VANDYCK and HALS. See Great Artists.
VANE, DENZIL, *Lynn's Court Mystery*, 1*s.*
—— See also Low's Standard Novels.
*Vane, Young Sir Harry*, 18*s.*
VELAZQUEZ. See Gr. Artists.
—— and MURILLO, by C. B. Curtis, with etchings, 31*s.* 6*d.* and 63*s.*
VERE, SIR F., *Fighting Veres*, 18*s.*
VERNE, J., *Works by.* See page 31.
*Vernet and Delaroche.* See Great Artists.
VERSCHUUR, G., *At the Antipodes*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
VIGNY, *Cinq Mars*, with etchings, 2 vols. 30*s.*
VINCENT, F., *Through and through the Tropics*, 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— MRS. H., 40,000 *Miles over Land and Water*, 2 vols. 21*s.*; also 3*s.* 6*d.*
VIOLLET-LE-DUC, *Architecture*, 2 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.* each.
WAGNER. See Gr. Musicians.
WALERY, *Our Celebrities*, vol. II. part i., 30*s.*
WALFORD, MRS. L. B. See Low's Standard Novels.
WALL, *Tombs of the Kings of England*, 21*s.*
WALLACE, L., *Ben Hur*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— *Boyhood of Christ*, 15*s.*
—— See also Low's Stand. Nova.

WALLACE, R., *Rural Economy of Australia and New Zealand*, illust. 21*s.* nett.

WALLER, C. H., *Names on the Gates of Pearl*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Silver Sockets*, 6*s.*

WALTON, *Angler*, Lea and Dove edit. by R. B. Marston, with photos., 210*s.* and 105*s.*

—— *Wallet-book*, 21*s.* & 42*s.*

—— T. H., *Coal-mining*, 25*s.*

WARNER, C. D., *Their Pilgrimage*, illust, by C. S. Reinhard, 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— See also Low's Standard Novels and Low's Standard Series.

WARREN, W. F., *Paradise Found, Cradle of the Human Race*, illust. 12*s.* 6*d.*

WASHBURNE, *Recollections* (*Siege of Paris, &c.*), 2 vols. 36*s.*

WATTEAU. See Great Artists.

WEBER. See Great Musicians.

WEBSTER, *Spain*. See Foreign Countries and British Colonies.

WELLINGTON. See Bayard Series.

WELLS, H. P., *Salmon Fisherman*, 6*s.*

—— *Fly-rods and Tackle*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— J. W., *Brazil*, 2 vols. 32*s.*

WENZEL, *Chemical Products of the German Empire*, 25*s.*

*West Indies*. See Foreign Countries.

WESTGARTH, *Australasian Progress*, 12*s.*

WESTOBY, *Postage Stamps; a descriptive Catalogue*, 6*s.*

WHITE, RHODA E., *From Infancy to Womanhood*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— R. GRANT, *England without and within*, new ed. 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Every-day English*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

WHITE, R. GRANT, *Studies in Shakespeare*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

—— *Words and their Uses*, new edit. 5*s.*

—— W., *Our English Homer, Shakespeare and his Plays*, 6*s.*

WHITNEY, MRS. See Low's Standard Series.

WHITTIER, *St. Gregory's Guest*, 5*s.*

—— *Text and Verse for Every Day in the Year*, selections, 1*s.* 6*d.*

WHYTE, *Asia to Europe*, 12*s.*

WIKOFF, *Four Civilizations*, 6*s.*

WILKES, G., *Shakespeare*, 16*s.*

WILKIE. See Great Artists.

WILLS, *Persia as it is*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

WILSON, *Health for the People*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

WINDER, *Lost in Africa*. See Low's Standard Books.

WINSOR, J., *Columbus*, 21*s.*

—— *History of America*, 8 vols. per vol. 30*s.* and 63*s.*

WITTHAUS, *Chemistry*, 16*s.*

WOOD, *Sweden and Norway*. See Foreign Countries.

WOLLYS, *Vegetable Kingdom*, 5*s.*

WOOLSEY, *Communism and Socialism*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— *International Law*, 6th ed. 18*s.*

—— *Political Science*, 2 vols. 30*s.*

WOOLSON, C. FENIMORE. See Low's Standard Novels.

WORDSWORTH. See Choice Editions.

*Wreck of the "Grosvenor,"* 6*d.*

WRIGHT, H., *Friendship of God*, 6*s.*

—— T., *Town of Cowper*, 6*s.*

WRIGLEY, *Algiers Illust.* 45*s*

*Written to Order*, 6*s.*

# BOOKS BY JULES VERNE.

| LARGE CROWN 8VO. | Containing 350 to 600 pp. and from 50 to 100 full-page illustrations. | | | | Containing the whole of the text with some illustrations. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| WORKS. | Handsome cloth binding, gilt edges. | | Plainer binding, plain edges. | | Cloth binding, gilt edges, smaller type. | | Limp cloth. | |
| | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. |
| ,000 Leagues under the Sea. Parts I. and II. | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| ctor Servadac | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| e Fur Country | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| e Earth to the Moon and a Trip round it | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 2vols., 2s. ea. | | 2vols., 1s. ea. | |
| chael Strogoff | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| ck Sands, the Boy Captain | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| ve Weeks in a Balloon | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| ventures of Three English-men and Three Russians | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| und the World in Eighty Days | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Floating City | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| e Blockade Runners | | | | | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Ox's Experiment | — | | — | | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Winter amid the Ice | — | | — | | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| vivors of the "Chancellor" | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 |
| tin Paz | | | | | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Mysterious Island, 3 vols.:— | 22 | 6 | 10 | 6 | 6 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| I. Dropped from the Clouds | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| II. Abandoned | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| II. Secret of the Island | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Child of the Cavern | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| e Begum's Fortune | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| e Tribulations of a Chinaman | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Steam House, 2 vols.:— | | | | | | | | |
| I. Demon of Cawnpore | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| I. Tigers and Traitors | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Giant Raft, 2 vols.:— | | | | | | | | |
| I. 800 Leagues on the Amazon | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| I. The Cryptogram | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Green Ray | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| lfrey Morgan | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| aban the Inflexible:— | | | | | | | | |
| I. Captain of the "Guidara" | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| I. Scarpante the Spy | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Archipelago on Fire | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Vanished Diamond | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| hias Sandorf | 10 | 6 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 6 | 2vols | 1 0 each |
| tery Ticket | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Clipper of the Clouds | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| th against South | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | | | | |
| ift in the Pacific | 6 | 0 | 3 | 6 | | | | |
| Flight to France | 7 | 6 | 3 | 6 | | | | |
| Purchase of the North Pole | 6 | 0 | | | | | | |
| amily without a Name | 6 | 0 | | | | | | |
| ar Cascabel | 6 | 0 | | | | | | |

LEBRATED TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS. 3 vols. 8vo, 600 pp., 100 full-page illustrations, 7s. 6d., edges, 9s. each:—(1) THE EXPLORATION OF THE WORLD. (2) THE GREAT NAVIGATORS OF THE ITEENTH CENTURY. (3) THE GREAT EXPLORERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

# PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS

OF

## Sampson Low, Marston & Company, Ld.

## SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

**A Superb Illustrated Monthly. Price One Shilling.**

Containing Contributions from the pens of many well-known Authors, among whom may be mentioned Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Sir Edwin Arnold, Andrew Lang, Sarah Orme Jewett, H. M. Stanley, Robert Louis Stevenson, R. H. Stoddard, Frank R. Stockton.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A MONTHLY REVIEW. Edited by JAMES KNOWLES.

**Price Half-a-Crown.**

Amongst the contributors the following representative names may be mentioned:—Lord Tennyson, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Mr. J. A. Froude, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. G. A. Watts, R.A., Earl Grey, the Earl of Derby, Lord Acton, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Professor Huxley, Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Edward Hamley, Professor Goldwin Smith, and Sir Samuel Baker.

## THE PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR,

AND

BOOKSELLERS' RECORD OF BRITISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE.

**WEEKLY. Every Saturday. Price Three-Halfpence.**

SUBSCRIPTION.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Inland ... ... ... ... | Twelve Months (post free) | 8s. 6d. |
| Countries in the Postal Union ... | ,, ,, ,, | 11s. 0d. |

## THE FISHING GAZETTE.

### A Journal for Anglers.

Edited by R. B. MARSTON, Hon. Treas. of the Fly Fishers' Club.

**Published Weekly, price 2d. Subscription, 10s. 6d. per annum.**

The *Gazette* contains every week Twenty folio pages of Original Articles on Angling of every kind. The paper has recently been much enlarged and improved.

"Under the editorship of Mr. R. B. Marston the *Gazette* has attained a high standing."—*Daily News.* "An excellent paper."—*The World.*

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED,
ST. DUNSTAN'S HOUSE, FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.